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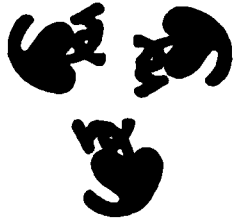
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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOLUME XXX



EDITED BY
FRANZ BOAS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE C.-MARIUS BARBEAU
AURELIO M. ESPINOSA ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS VOLUME.

AA	American Anthropologist, New Series.
BAM	Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History.
BArchS	Baessler-Archiv, Supplement.
BAAS	British Association for the Advancement of Science, Reports.
BBAE	Bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology.
Bell	H. J. Bell, Obeah.
Bolte u. Polívka.	Bolte und Polívka, Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm.
CI.	Publications of the Carnegie Institution.
CNAE	Contributions to North American Ethnology.
CR	The Contemporary Review.
CU	Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology.
FL	Folklore (London).
FM	Field Museum of Natural History, Anthropological Series.
FSSJ	Folk-Song Society Journal (London).
GSCan	Geological Survey of Canada, Anthropological Series.
Harris 1	J. C. Harris, Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.
Harris 2	— Nights with Uncle Remus.
Harris 3	— Uncle Remus and his Friends.
Hiawatha	H. R. Schoolcraft, The Myth of Hiawatha.
Jacobs	Jacobs, English Fairy Tales.
Jacottet	E. Jacottet, The Treasury of Ba-Suto Lore.
JAFL.	Journal of American Folk-Lore.
JAI	Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.
JE.	Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition.
Jones	C. C. Jones, Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast.
MAFLS	Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society.
PaAM	Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History.
PAES.	Publications of the American Ethnological Society.
Parsons	E. C. Parsons, Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas.
Petitot	E. Petitot, Traditions du Canada Nord-ouest.

Pub. Folk-Lore Soc. 55.	. W. Jekyll, Jamaica Song and Story.
Rand S. T. Rand, Legends of the Micmac.
RBAE Report of the Bureau of American Ehtnology.
Russell Frank Russell, Explorations in the Far North (University of Iowa, 1898).
Sagen. Franz Boas, Indianische Sagen von der Nord- Pacifischen Küste Amerikas.
Smith. P. C. Smith, Annancy Stories.
TCI Transactions of the Canadian Institute.
UCal University of California Publications in Amer- ican Archæology and Ethnology.
UPenn University of Pennsylvania, The University Museum Anthropological Publications.
VAEU Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte.
VKAWA Verhandeligen der Koninklijke Akademie van Wetenschappen te Amsterdam.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. XXX. — JANUARY — MARCH, 1917. — No. CXV

CONTES POPULAIRES CANADIENS.¹

*Seconde série.*²

PAR C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.

PRÉFACE.

CETTE nouvelle série de contes populaires canadiens se rattache à celle que la revue de la Société de Folklore Américain publiait l'an dernier, à pareille date. Nous renvoyons donc le lecteur aux remarques préliminaires de la première série, qui s'appliquent également ici.

Les contes qui suivent viennent des mêmes conteurs, et ils furent recueillis en juillet et en août, 1914 et 1915. Les seuls noms nouveaux qui s'ajoutent à la liste de nos sources sont ceux de Georges-Séraphin Pelletier, artisan âgé de 53 ans, né au Cap Saint-Ignace, et résidant à Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière, Kamouraska, de M. Louvigny de Montigny et de Mme Alphonse Perrault, d'Ottawa. Ces derniers nous communiquèrent les deux randonnées chantées (nos 73, 74).

Le texte de ces contes, répétons-le, est, à peu de chose près, celui des paysans de qui nous les avons recueillis fidèlement à la sténographie. Nous avons évité d'y ajouter ou d'y retrancher. Notre expurgation se rapporte aux fautes grammaticales purement accidentelles et aux répétitions de néologismes, de formes ou termes archaïques, marins ou provinciaux, que nous indiquons ici et là à titre d'exemple seulement. Les mots déformés, incorrects ou étrangers à la littérature française sont, autant que possible, indiqués en italique. Ces mots se retrouvent toutefois presque tous, avec à peu près le même sens chez les paysans du nord, du centre et de l'ouest de la France, d'où vinrent la majorité des premiers colons canadiens. Des locutions à nuance canadienne — ou "canadianismes" — sont signalées par

¹ Copyright, 1917, by C.-Marius Barbeau, Ottawa, Can., in Canada and the United States.

² Voir *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxix, No. cxi.

153. *Fontaine d'or.* — Au monde inférieur les géants gardent une fontaine d'or secrète. Tout ce qui plonge dans le *dalot* où coule du bel or devient doré pour toujours (61).¹

154. *Dépositaire secret de la vie.* — Les trois lumières que le jeune époux voit, le soir, près de la chambre nuptiale, sont des cierges allumés qui récélent la vie d'une vieille magicienne et des deux sœurs aînées de l'épouse. Pressée de questions, celle-ci finit par en avouer le secret, disant: "Si tu les éteignais, mes sœurs et la magicienne tomberaient raide mortes." C'est ce qui se produit plus tard (56).²

155. *Baiser d'oubli.* — Avant de quitter Beau-Prince, la Belle-jarretière-verte dit: "Prends bien garde de te laisser embrasser par personne. Car, si tu le fais, tu oublieras tout... Et si personne ne t'embrasse, dans un an et un jour nous nous marierons." Sa marraine l'embrasse pendant qu'il dort; et il ne se souvient plus de rien, à son réveil (49).

156. *Tache indélébile.* — Avec la peinture qu'elle prend dans un petit pot, la fille du roi de France fait une tache, apparemment indélébile, au front du grand voleur de Paris (68).³

157. *Baume magique.* — (a) Le baume ou graisse qu'on trouve dans un petit pot que possède la magicienne suffit à détruire l'enchantement et à ramener à la vie des personnes métamorphosées en masses de sel (10, 53, 58). (b) La petite jument dit à Thomas-bon-chasseur: "Dans mon poitrail, je perds tout mon sang. Prends une pincée de graisse dans mon oreille gauche et mets-là à mon poitrail, qui guérira. Et la blessure est ainsi guérie (54).

158. *Sifflet qui ressuscite.* — (a) Avec un petit sifflet qu'elle a fait, la princesse siffle; Petit-Jean se met à remuer. Elle le lui met dans la bouche. Le voilà vivant. (b) Ce thème est parodié dans le conte de Pois-verts (21).

159. *Repas miraculeux.* — (a) Une serviette donne à boire et à manger aussitôt qu'on la déploie (48).⁴ (b) Avec une bague ou un médaillon magiques, on obtient à souhait toutes sortes de mets (55, 63, 64). (c) En piquant la patte gauche de sa petite jument, Thomas-bon-chasseur obtient du pain et du vin (54).

160. *Nourriture des géants.* — Le Vent-de-l'ouest dit à sa mère: "Si je dois mener cette femme à la montagne Vitrée, il me faut, ce soir, manger de la bouillie au sucre" (50).⁵

161. *La Toison d'or.* — La chevelure de Petit-Jean se change en or aussitôt qu'elle tombe dans la fontaine d'or des géants (61); le long du chemin, Thomas-bon-chasseur ramasse la chevelure lumineuse et

¹ Voir 44 (*Ibid.*).

² Voir 33 (*Ibid.*).

³ Voir 36 (*Ibid.*).

⁴ Voir 23 (*Ibid.*).

⁵ Voir 37 (*Ibid.*).

enchantée d'une princesse, à la recherche de laquelle il part (54); les trois poils d'or (67).¹

162. *Château d'or et d'argent*. — (a) Des châteaux, des bâtiments et des animaux sont changés en or et en argent (49, 61, 64). (b) Une belle frégate d'or et d'argent (66).

163. *Suspendu par quatre chaînes d'or*. — Le château et les bâtiments du roi sont suspendus dans les airs par quatre chaînes d'or (49, 64); un pont est suspendu par quatre chaînes d'or (62).²

164. *Château de cristal*. — Le château de la montagne Vitree (50); une petite ville toute de cristal (53).

165. *Obstacles magiques*. — Les fuyards voient approcher un nuage noir; quand il est tout près, ceux-ci jettent en arrière d'eux une brosse, une écaille ou une étrille; ces objets se transforment en montagnes de pain, d'écailles ou d'étrilles qui barrent la route à ceux qui poursuivent. Dans un cas, les fuyards font ainsi paraître un lac infranchissable (49, 54).³

166. *Tempête magique*. — Une tempête violente précède la venue d'une magicienne, d'un sorcier, d'êtres métamorphosés, de la sirène ou des géants (4, 11, 48, 49, 52).

167. *Fleur pâlissante*. — Donnant sa rose à ses frères, Petit-Jean dit: "Si ma fleur vient à pâlir, accourez à mon secours." Et quand la sorcière le métamorphose, la rose en pâlissant avertit ses frères de son malheur (58).

168. *Bouquet fatal*. — Aussitôt que le voyageur cueille les fleurs enchantées, la bête féroce arrive et lui dit: "Ce bouquet va vous coûter cher." Pour sauver la vie de son père, sa fille cadette consent à épouser le monstre, qui est un prince métamorphosé (48). Un trait semblable se trouve au conte de "Le château de Félicité" (50).

169. *Pêche merveilleuse*. — Après avoir rempli sa goëlette des poissons, le pêcheur doit promettre à la sirène de lui remettre son fils Georges (52); sans s'en douter, un pêcheur promet son fils au diable, qui lui fait faire une pêche miraculeuse (25).

170. *Objets sacrés*. — Le livre que les géants adorent (54); le jonc béni qui empêche la mariée de souffrir, en enfer (72).

171. *Yeux remplacés*. — Le fils remet à sa mère les yeux que la sorcière lui a arrachés et qu'elle gardait, dans un plat, chez elle. La mère recouvre la vue dès que ses yeux sont remis dans leurs orbites (56).

Événements domestiques.

172. *Quittent le toit paternel*. — (a) Des fils partent de chez leur père pour gagner leur vie ou pour chercher fortune (54, 55, 63, 71); Petit-

¹ Voir 42 (*Ibid.*).

² Voir 43 (*Ibid.*).

³ Voir 35 (*Ibid.*).

Jean et Petit-Pierre quittent pour toujours la maison paternelle, en disant: "Nous marcherons tant que la terre nous portera" (62). (b) Le roi envoie ses trois fils en leur disant de lui rapporter l'eau de la rajeunie (53).¹

173. *Enfants perdus*. — Trois petites filles s'égarent en allant porter un dîner à leur père, dans les bois (60).²

174. *Pauvreté et misère*. — Des gens, dans la forêt, ne vivent que de racines et d'herbages (61). Un pays est si pauvre qu'on n'y peut rien gagner (55). Par son imprévoyance, une femme cause la ruine de son mari (52).

175. *Métiers*. — Les soi-disant "métiers" de franc-voleur, de joueur aux dés et de cultivateur (49). "Voleur de son métier" (68).

176. *Au service d'un maître*. — Fesse-ben s'engage pour un an chez le roi. Son salaire consiste à donner une tape au roi, au bout de l'année (59); "Monsieur le roi, avez-vous besoin d'un engagé?" — "Oui, et c'est pour..." soigner les volailles, pour garder le château, pour travailler au jardin ou à la cuisine (54, 55, 59, 61); Prince-Joseph et Jean-Cuit, deux princes infortunés s'engagent comme commis (53, 66); trois voleurs engagent un mendiant pour toujours dire "Oui" (71).³

177. *Protection ou adoption*. — Le roi baptise l'enfant de la veuve solitaire et lui ordonne de le lui envoyer quand il aura atteint l'âge de sept ans. Son dessein est de l'adopter et d'en faire un prince (51); la veuve aveugle envoie son fils au roi son père, qui l'accueille à son château (56); le roi fait vivre la mère pauvre de son cuisinier en voyage (55); une seigneuresse adopte Prince-Joseph et le fait instruire, à l'école (53); Jean-Cuit protège la veuve dont il veut épouser la fille (66).⁴

178. *Amour filial*. — Deux filles cadettes se sacrifient pour sauver la vie à leur père (48, 50); deux frères consentent à s'exiler pour que le fils du roi épouse leur sœur (62).

179. *Ban de mariage*. — Le roi fait battre un ban, annonçant le mariage de ses trois filles à ceux qui, dans un tournoi, seront touchés par les boules d'or que les princesses doivent lancer. Après le premier tournoi, le roi fait de nouveau battre un ban pour sa fille cadette, qui n'a pas encore fait son choix (61).

180. *Demande en mariage*. — Le fils d'un roi demande en mariage la fille d'un bûcheron (62); à force d'injures, un jeune homme finit par contraindre le roi à lui accorder sa fille en mariage (63); le roi marie sa fille à Jean, son cuisinier, qui, grâce à un talisman, se fait construire un

¹ Voir 60 (*Ibid.*).

² Voir 62 (*Ibid.*).

³ Voir 58 (*Ibid.*).

⁴ Voir 63 (*Ibid.*).

château magnifique (64); un prince obtient une princesse pour épouse (57); Jean-Cuit se fiance à la fille d'une pauvre veuve, qu'il épouse au bout de trois ans et trois jours (66); un vinaigrier va demander au roi sa fille en mariage pour son fils (70); deux prétendants, l'un pauvre, et l'autre à l'aise, aspirent à la main d'une fille qui, contre son gré, accepte le choix de ses parents (72).¹

181. *Ordalies des prétendants.* — A Thomas-bon-chasseur qui lui demande d'épouser la princesse, le roi impose différentes tâches, tel que celles de faire la chasse au lion, d'aller chez les géants chercher un livre sacré, de rapporter de l'eau d'*enmiance*, et de faire fondre ensemble du plomb et de l'étain (54); avant de consentir au départ de sa princesse, Bon-évêque renferme le prétendant dans sa cave et lui ordonne de bâtir en une seule journée des écuries de plumes d'oiseaux, de vider un lac de mille pieds de profondeur et de construire un pont de mille lieues de longueur (49); les ordalies que le roi impose à Petit-Jean consistent à enlever une montagne de terre et une montagne de pierre (51); la main d'une princesse est accordée à celui qui, grâce à un charme, peut soulever un pont cent pieds en l'air, sur quatre chaînes d'or (62). Par ses prouesses, le grand voleur de Paris gagne la main de la fille du roi de France (68).

182. *Belle-mère.* — La seconde épouse du roi expose le petit prince à un grand danger, espérant causer ainsi sa perte (56).²

183. *Fidélité conjugale.* — Avant de partir pour voyage, un prince parie avec son voisin que sa femme lui restera fidèle, durant son absence. Des aventures romanesques se basent sur cette intrigue (66, 67).³

184. *Trahison d'époux.* — (a) Une princesse trahit son mari, qu'elle n'aime pas, en lui enlevant le talisman dont il vient de lui révéler le secret (63). (b) Sans s'en rendre compte, une femme trahit son époux, qui est obligé de partir pour un pays éloigné (48, 50, 64).

185. *Épouse répudiée.* — (a) Une magicienne force le roi à répudier son épouse, dont elle envie le sort (3, 56). (b) Croyant à tort son épouse coupable d'un crime, un prince la fait jeter dans les basses-fosses, ou la condamne à mort (27, 66, 67).

186. *Héritages.* — (a) Le roi donne un sabre coupant sept lieues à la ronde à son fils Jean, qui part et s'en va chercher fortune (58); à chacun de ses trois fils qui s'en vont, le roi donne un chien, un poney, un lion et une fleur merveilleuse (58); comme il part, Georges reçoit de son père un canif (magique) (52). (b) Le roi donne à son fils sa couronne, son château et son royaume (49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 57, 62, 68); Jean-Cuit hérite de la couronne de son père le roi, mort durant son absence (66);

¹ Voir 63 (*Ibid.*).

² Voir 59 (*Ibid.*).

³ Voir 64 (*Ibid.*).

phosé (48, 50). (b) Décapitée, la petite jument redevient une belle princesse (54). (c) Au moyen d'un baume magique on ramène à la vie des personnes transformées en masse de sel (51, 53, 58). (d) En donnant à manger à trois animaux renfermés dans le château, une petite fille délivre un prince métamorphosé en vieillard. Un bruit effrayant accompagne ce phénomène (60). (e) En mangeant une pomme d'or, deux pouliches redeviennent femmes (62). (f) Aussitôt que Georges casse les trois œufs pris dans le corps du serpent de la savane rouge, le château enchanté et ses habitants sont délivrés (52).¹

210. *Le protecteur métamorphosé qu'on oublie.* — Quand l'épouse de la bête féroce revient après trois jours d'absence, elle trouve son prince métamorphosé gisant, presque mort (54); pendant trois jours, Thomas-bon-chasseur oublie sa protectrice, une princesse transformée en petite jument, qui est mourante, à terre, lorsqu'il la retrouve (54).

211. *A la poursuite du libérateur.* — Bon-évêque et sa femme donnent la chasse à Beau-prince et à la Belle-jarretière-verte, qui s'enfuient (48); Petit-Jean s'enfuit, emmenant avec lui la princesse, sur son navire; le magicien essaie en vain de les rattraper (51); à cheval sur la petite jument, Thomas-bon-chasseur et la princesse fuient à toute vitesse, poursuivis par les géants, qui ont leurs bottes de sept lieues (54).

212. *Le libérateur se cache.* — Après avoir pris comme gage les langues de la Bête-à-sept-têtes qu'il a détruite, Petit-Jean quitte la princesse délivrée et se cache dans la cabane d'un vieillard. Pendant ce temps, un charbonnier ramène la princesse au roi, et se disant le libérateur, il va l'épouser quand Petit-Jean démasque sa fourberie (58).²

213. *Épreuves du libérateur.* — Quoiqu'il ait délivré la princesse 'gardée' par les géants, Thomas-bon-chasseur ne peut obtenir sa main qu'après maintes épreuves (54); un délai d'un an et un jour doit s'écouler avant que Beau-prince épouse la Belle-jarretière-verte (49); avant l'expiration d'un an et un jour, la libératrice doit se rendre à un pays éloigné, où demeure le prince délivré (48, 50).

214. *Le libérateur se fait reconnaître.* — Oubliée par celui qu'elle a délivré, la libératrice arrive enfin auprès de lui et, par ruse, elle réussit à se faire reconnaître. Comme le prince vient de se remarier, il faut d'abord acheter de sa femme la permission de le voir et de lui parler; ce qu'elle fait au moyen d'objets magiques qu'on lui envie (7, 48, 50); dans un autre cas, la princesse oubliée est invitée, comme tous les autres, aux noces du prince. Elle se fait reconnaître par l'entremise d'une petite poule et d'un petit coq parlants.

¹ Voir 77 (*Ibid.*).

² Voir 84 (*Ibid.*).

223. *Lutte contre les monstres.* — Métamorphosé en lion, Georges se bat avec le serpent de la savane rouge et le détruit (52); de son sabre Petit-Jean détruit la Bête-à-sept-têtes (58).¹

224. *Quartier.* — La Bête-à-sept-têtes demande quartier pour un quart d'heure; ce qui lui est accordé (58).

225. *Paris et jeux de hasard.* — (a) Bon-évêque et Beau-prince jouent trois fois aux dés; le perdant doit accomplir ce qu'exige son rival (49); Pipette et ses voisins jouent aux cartes et parient place contre place (23); dans le pari du prince et de son voisin l'enjeu est bien contre bien (66, 67).

226. *Champ aride et champ fertile.* — Petit-Jean mène le troupeau de vaches maigres du roi dans le champ fertile des géants. Les vaches s'y saoulent en un instant (57).²

227. *Crainte et duplicité.* — Craignant Fesse-ben à cause de sa force extraordinaire, le roi cherche, mais en vain, à causer sa perte en lui faisant lancer des pierres sur la tête, dans un puits, en l'envoyant aux moulins du diable et de la Bête-à-renifler, et en faisant tirer sur lui du canon (59).³

228. *On accuse le héros de se vanter.* — On dit au roi: "Un tel se vante de pouvoir faire ceci ou cela." Le roi répond: "S'il s'en est vanté, il va y aller." Et quand le roi lui en parle, il répond ordinairement: "Sire le roi, je ne m'en suis pas vanté; mais, s'il le faut, je vas y aller" (51, 56, 57).⁴

229. *La visite du roi.* — Le roi envoie ses valets inviter Petit-Jean ou un autre. Celui-ci répond: "Si le roi a affaire à moi, qu'il vienne ici me voir" (58, 61); au lieu d'accepter l'invitation du roi, Petit-Jean le prie de venir dîner chez lui avec la reine (64).

230. *Jalousie ou rivalité.* — Jaloux de Petit-Jean, le vacher du roi le trahit et le fait tuer par un boucher (51); le charbonnier, rival de Petit-Jean, réclame la main de la princesse qu'il prétend avoir délivrée (58); une vieille rate se bat avec une petite rate ou avec une souris, dont elle veut usurper la gloire et la récompense (63, 64).⁵

231. *On cède à la force.* — (a) Se voyant la victime impuissante des prouesses d'un prétendant ou d'un voleur, le roi finit par céder et par lui accorder la main de sa fille (63, 68). (b) Le roi des rats achète le salut de son peuple en se mettant au service du jeune homme qui cherche le talisman qu'on lui a volé (63, 64). (c) La magicienne contraint le roi à l'épouser sur-le-champ (3, 51). (d) Pour se dégager d'un mauvais pas, le diable renonce à ses droits sur quelqu'un ou sur quelque objet (13, 22, 23, 59, 69).

¹ Voir 96 (*Ibid.*).

² Voir 99 (*Ibid.*).

³ Voir 102 (*Ibid.*).

⁴ Voir 105 (*Ibid.*).

⁵ Voir 101 (*Ibid.*).

246. *Attendant l'absent, au bord de la mer.* — La vieille femme attend Jean-Cuit avec impatience, et elle va souvent au bord de la mer. Un jour, une frégate apparaît et hisse le pavillon de Jean-Cuit (66); Ti-Jean met dans le haut des mâts le pavillon et le drapeau de la princesse. Le roi, qui passe son temps à regarder la mer avec sa longue-vue, voit arriver le bâtiment (51); le roi du pays lointain voit arriver le bâtiment du prince de l'Épée-verte, mais avec le pavillon de deuil (11).

247. *Le tapis magique.* — En jetant sur la table les bijoux du prince métamorphosé, son épouse est instantanément transportée là où elle se désire rendue, à une grande distance (48); une baguette, un médaillon et des poignées magiques transportent leur possesseur et des châteaux là où on les souhaite (55, 56, 61, 63).

248. *Le sac de Pois-verts.* — Le roi fait lier dans un sac son gendre, qu'on va jeter à l'île aux rats. On l'attache à une voiture; et, en chemin, ceux qui l'escortent s'arrêtent à une auberge, et laissent le sac à la porte. Pendant leur absence, le captif saisit un chat qu'il cache dans son sac, et qui doit lui sauver la vie (63).

249. *Voyage au monde inférieur.* — Le long de sa route, Petit-Jean aperçoit un trou sans fond. Avec l'aide de son talisman, il se souhaite au fond du trou. Là, il se trouve dans un beau chemin, conduisant au château des géants, sur une montagne.... Plus tard, arrivant au trou par où il est descendu, il regarde en l'air, et il aperçoit une étoile; il se souhaite rendu sur la terre, et son désir s'accomplit (61).

250. *Voyage à l'enfer et au ciel.* — Frédérico se rend à la porte de l'enfer, où il se fait remettre douze damnés; de là il se rend au ciel, où on finit par le recevoir (69).¹

Forme et style.

251. *Formules initiales.* — (a) Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était... (51, 53, 54, 56, 61, 65, 69, 71); une fois, il est bon de vous dire que c'était... (67); une fois, il est bon de vous dire, il y avait... (58); c'est bon de vous dire, c'était un roi... (49); (b) Une fois, c'était... (48, 50, 52, 59, 63, 64, 70); une fois, il y avait... (68); c'était un roi qui... (66); une fille avait... (72).²

252. *Formules finales.* — (a) Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici vous le raconter (49, 53, 56, 58, 60, 61, 66, 69); moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici, à Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière, vous le conter (62); et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici vous dire que le petit renard est bien plus fin que l'ours (65); moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici; mais, ils ne me donnent jamais un sou (68); c'est tout! Moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici vous conter ça (51, 71). (b) Ils ont fait des grosses noces. Moi, ils m'ont invité, et j'y

¹ Voir 118 (*Ibid.*).

² Voir 1 (*Ibid.*).

de quatorze ans (52). (c) A vingt-et-un ans (52, 64, 69). Total, 33 exemples.

271. *Quatre*¹ et ses multiples. — (a) Quatre personnes (50, 55, 64); suspendu par quatre chaînes d'or (49, 50, 62, 64); quatre jours (49, 54); quatre sous de salaire (53, 55); quatre chevaux (51); fendu en quatre (58). (b) Quarante hommes, quarante paires de chevaux (53, 62). (c) Quatre cents piastres, quatre millions (3 exemples dans le conte 53). Total, 20 exemples.

272. *Cent*. — Cent pieds en l'air (58, 62); cent écus (62); cent lieues (49); cent fois plus instruit que... (53); depuis cent ans (2 exemples dans 51).

273. *Mille*. — Mille lieues (51, 55); mille pieds (49); mille ans (55); mille piastres (2 exemples dans 52); cent mille brasses d'eau (56).

274. *Un an et un jour*. — "Il a passé ici il y a un an et un jour" (48); il demande un an et un jour de son temps (48); ils se marieront dans un an et un jour (49); la métamorphose doit finir dans un an et un jour (50); etc. Total, 8 exemples.²

275. *Un an*. — Un an d'attente, un an de voyage; au bout d'un an; etc. (48, 50, 53, 66).

276. *Midi* ou *minuit*. — A midi juste, les bêtes ou les géants qui gardent la fontaine magique dorment (53, 54); à minuit, le voleur entre (68).

277. *Autres nombres*. — (a) *Douze* (59, 66, 69). (b) *Cinq et multiples*: cinq (64, 66); dix (42, 57); quinze (48, 50, 51, 52, 56, 59, 63); vingt (59, 59); cinquante (53, 55, 57, etc.); cinq cents (51, 52); cinq mille (71). (c) *Deux et multiples*: deux (5 exemples); deux cents (59). (d) *Autres nombres*: six (48, 59); un mois (51); quatre ou cinq, cinq ou six, sept ou huit, huit ou neuf (48, 52, 68); une demi-heure (50); les trois quarts de plus (52); soixante pieds de long (52).

LES CONTES.

48.³ "PRINCE EN NUIT ET BÊTE FÉROCE EN JOUR."⁴

Une fois, c'était un *habitant* qui avait trois filles. Comme ils vivaient ensemble dans les prairies, loin de tout le monde, il ne leur arrivait pas souvent d'aller à la ville.

Le père, un bon jour, se décide de partir pour la ville. "Que voulez-vous que je vous apporte?" demande-t-il à ses filles. Les

¹ Voir 18 (*Ibid.*).

² Cent et un (voir 19, (*Ibid.*)).

³ Les numéros de la première et de la seconde série de contes canadiens sont consécutifs.

⁴ Recueilli à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915, de Georges-S. Pelletier, qui dit l'avoir appris, il y a plus de trente-cinq ans, dans les *chantiers* (des forêts où se fait la coupe du bois) du Wisconsin, d'un Canadien de langue française.

cinquante sous¹ dans ma poche. Les veux-tu?" Il répond: "Oui!" Ayant reçu ses cinquante sous, il part à pied, et marche, marche. Il arrive au bout du chemin, où il n'y a plus qu'un sentier.² Au bout du sentier se trouve une maison. Rentre dans la maison, et y voit des gens pas riches, qui n'ont rien que du 'pain de caribou' (pain d'orge). C'est encore pareil! Paye son pain cinquante sous, le met sous son bras, part et marche. Il prend le petit sentier dans le bois, en pensant: "Il faut toujours bien que je périsse!" Bien loin, dans un bois épouvantable, il arrive dans une petite aire *qu'il y a*. *C'qu'il* trouve, là? Un petit château couvert de paille et de joncs de mer. Il entre. Un vieillard aux cheveux blancs comme de la neige y est assis. "Cher jeune homme, d'où venez-vous? Voilà mille ans que je suis ici, et vous êtes le premier homme que je vois." — "Ah, il répond, mon 'vieux vieillard!' J'avais un beau château et ma femme. Tout a disparu, et je ne sais pas où c'est. J'ai dépensé à les chercher la charge d'or et d'argent de quatre chevaux, et je ne les ai pas encore trouvés." Le vieillard dit: "Restez ici pour la nuit. C'est moi qui suis le maître de tous les oiseaux qui vivent sur la terre. S'ils peuvent le voir, je saurai demain matin où est votre château." *De manière que* le jeune homme y couche. Le lendemain matin, le père³ sort à la porte, appelle toutes 'sortes d'espèces' d'oiseaux, et il leur demande s'ils ont vu quelque part un château tel qu'il leur dépeint. Les oiseaux, en arrivant, disent: "Nous ne l'avons pas vu." Pas un ne l'a vu. Il ne manque plus qu'un vieux corbeau — ça faisait plus de mille ans qu'il roulait,⁴ ce corbeau-là. Le vieillard dit: "Si le corbeau ne l'a pas vu, pas un autre ne l'a pas vu, pas un autre ne l'a vu, parce que ça fait sept ou huit fois qu'il fait le tour de la terre." Voilà le vieux corbeau qui arrive. "Mon corbeau! demande le vieillard, as-tu vu tel château, de telle manière?" Le corbeau répond: "Non!" — "Il n'est pas sur la terre, ton château, dit le maître des oiseaux. *A'ct'heure*, je ne vois pas d'autre chose⁵... Vous irez trouver une de mes sœurs, qui reste *de* l'autre bord de la grand'mer bleue." Il dit à son corbeau: "Tu vas aller mener cet homme-là chez ma sœur." Il lui donne à manger *com'i'faut*. Au garçon il dit: "Apportez dans vos poches quelques morceaux de ce caribou que j'ai tué; parce qu'il criera, quand la faim le prendra." A peine monté sur le dos du corbeau voilà mon jeune homme parti. Il le claque; et l'oiseau vole, et puis vole. Quand il a fait un bon *boute*, il se retourne, et *ptâ*... *ptâ!*⁶ Le jeune homme

¹ Patry dit *cent*.

² Au lieu de "sentier" Patry disait *chantier*.

³ Pour "le vieillard."

⁴ Patry dit *ronnait* (anglicisme) de "run." "Rouler" est un synonyme souvent usité ici.

⁵ A faire que ceci:...

⁶ Ici le conteur imitait le cri rauque de l'oiseau.

lui jette un morceau de viande dans la *gueule*,¹ et il claque! La mer bleue avait mille lieues de traverse.² L'oiseau vole encore pas mal loin, et *ptâ, ptâ!* Il lui faut encore un autre morceau de viande.

Vers le soir, ils arrivent de l'autre côté de la mer bleue, près d'un petit château, au bord de la mer, pauvre, couvert en jonc, et avec une petite porte. Le [voyageur] entre, et il y trouve une vieille femme habillée rien qu'avec ses grands cheveux³ blancs comme la neige. "Cher ami, dit-elle, comment ça se fait que vous êtes venu jusqu'ici? Il y a deux mille ans que je suis ici, vous êtes le premier homme que je vois. Dites-moi donc ce que vous cherchez?" Il répond: "Ma vieille mère, je cherche mon château et ma femme." — "Vous allez rester jusqu'à demain matin. C'est moi qui suis la maîtresse de tous les poissons de la mer." Le lendemain matin, la vieille s'en va au bord de la mer, et elle fesse dans l'eau. A toutes espèces de poissons qui viennent à elle, elle demande: "Avez-vous vu tel château?" Aux autres poissons qui arrivent elle répète: "Avez-vous vu tel château?" Mais personne ne l'a vu. Tout à coup arrive une vieille rate d'eau, qui dit: "Je l'ai trouvé, moi; j'achève d'y percer une planche, pour arriver à une 'tinette' de confitures." La bonne-femme lui demande: "Pourrais-tu avoir le médaillon que le prince cache si bien?" La rate dit: "Oui, je *cré* que je peux y aller; mais c'est loin, au fond de la mer la plus creuse. Demain matin, je serai peut-être revenue." La vieille rate part, marche, marche, et arrive au château, au fond de la mer la plus creuse, pendant que le prince et la princesse dorment, tous les deux. Cherchant partout dans leur chambre, la rate finit par trouver le médaillon à la tête du lit. Elle le prend, et se sauve avec, en passant par le trou par où elle est entrée.

Le lendemain matin, *comme de fait*, la rate *ressoud* avec le médaillon. La vieille dit au jeune homme: "Tiens! voilà votre médaillon." Content, je vous garantis qu'il l'est! "Bonne vieille! il dit, que désirez-vous pour votre récompense?" — "Pauvre enfant! ça fait si longtemps que je suis ici seule avec les poissons... Souhaite-moi morte et dans le paradis." Le jeune homme ouvre son médaillon, qui lui dit: "Que veux-tu?" Il répond: "Je souhaite la vieille fée morte et dans le paradis." La voilà morte et partie. Quand il l'ouvre encore, le médaillon dit: "Qu'est-ce que tu désires?" — "Je me désire rendu au petit château du 'vieux vieillard' d'où je suis parti." Le voyant arriver, le vieillard dit: "Bonjour, bonjour! as-tu réussi?" — "Ah! il dit, oui! Bon vieux, que désirez-vous pour la chance que vous m'avez donnée?" — "Pauvre enfant! il y a bien longtemps que je suis seul ici, à pâtir. Souhaite-moi quelque chose à boire et à manger,

¹ Pour "bec."

² I.e., de largeur.

³ Patry ici ajouta: "Dans le temps passé, les fées ne s'habillaient qu'avec leurs cheveux."

et une belle bouteille de *brandy*.” A peine ces choses sont-elles souhaitées qu’elles arrivent. Tout y est, tout ce qu’il faut au vieillard pour boire et manger tant qu’il restera là, et une belle bouteille de *brandy*. — Je n’ai pas eu la chance de passer par là, parce que j’y aurais pris un coup!

De là, le jeune homme part et marche, marche. Quand il a fait un bon bout, il ouvre son médaillon. “Jeune homme, qu’est-ce que tu désires?” — “Je me désire rendu au château de mon beau-père, le roi.” Et le voilà rendu au château du roi. On le trouve bien changé! Ça fait longtemps qu’il est parti, bien des années. Le roi lui demande: “Bien, as-tu pu trouver ta femme?” Il répond: “Oui! vous allez venir avec moi, vous et la reine.” Et tous trois ils partent pour la place où était son château avant de disparaître. Là, le jeune homme prend son médaillon et l’ouvre. “Qu’est-ce que tu désires?” Le gendre du roi répond: “Je désire mon château ici, tel qu’il était.” Voilà le château revenu, avec sa femme et le gars (qui lui a joué ce tour). Le roi dit: “*A ct’heure*, quelle justice veux-tu lui faire,¹ à ce gars-là, qui est parti de même avec ta femme?” Le jeune homme répond: “Je lui souhaite une *musique*² pour qu’il coure les chemins tout le reste de sa vie, en tournant la manivelle.”

Quant à lui, il est bien content de retrouver sa femme et de vivre avec elle, jusqu’à la fin de ses jours. Son médaillon, il ne l’a plus laissé traîner, je vous en donne ma parole!

Je ne sais pas ce qui leur est arrivé depuis ce temps. Ils sont peut-être encore là, *badame!*³ Mais je n’y suis pas allé depuis; et ça fait bien des années. Vous savez, c’est un peu plus vieux que moi!

56. LE CHÂTEAU ROND DE LA MER ROUGE.⁴

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c’était un roi, sa femme et leur enfant, un petit garçon.

Le roi dit, un jour, à sa femme: “Je vas au ourd’hui visiter mes parterres, dans ma forêt. Viens-tu avec moi?” — “Oui, allons-y en voiture!”

Le long du chemin, dans la forêt, c’qu’ils voient à terre? Une petite serviette blanche. Le roi dit à la reine: “Je *débarque* pour la ramasser.” — “Mon mari! ne touche pas à cette serviette. Il ne faut

¹ I.e., quel châtiment lui infliges-tu.

² I.e., orgue de Barbarie.

³ Exclamation dont le sens vague se rapproche ici de “qui sait!”

⁴ Recueilli en juillet, 1915, à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, d’Achille Fournier. Ce conte vient d’un Canadien de la rive nord du fleuve Saint-Laurent, à qui Fournier l’entendit réciter, il y a plus de cinq ans. Ici le conteur ajouta: “Si j’avais cru devoir vous donner ces contes par écrit, j’en aurais bien appris deux mille. Rien ne m’était plus facile, et j’en ai tant entendu conter!”

Le soir, comme ses frères, il plante son sabre dans le milieu du lit. "Mais, mon mari! pourquoi plantes-tu toujours ton sabre dans le milieu du lit?" — "Ma femme, quelle est cette petite lumière que je vois là?" — "Ça fait déjà deux fois que je te le dis, et tu me le redemandes toujours. Tous ceux qui vont voir cette petite lumière n'en reviennent jamais. La vieille sorcière les métamorphose en masses de sel."

Quand la princesse est endormie, le jeune homme va voir la petite lumière. La vieille lui dit de sa voix grêle: "Prends donc cette *tite* corde et touche à ces *tis* animaux." Il répond: "Arrête un peu, toi! Je ne suis pas pour toucher à tes petits animaux." Siffle *après* son lion et son chien; et, quand ils *ressoudent*, il leur dit: "Mon chien, mon lion, dévorez-la.... Mais attendez un petit brin. Toi, vieille sorcière, il faut que tu fasses revenir mes frères." Elle répond: "Prends le petit pot de graisse dans l'armoire et frottes-en les petites buttes que tu vois là." Prend le petit pot de graisse et frotte les buttes. Voilà ses frères délivrés et bien contents. Le lion et le chien ne font de la sorcière qu'une gueulée.

"Tiens! se disent les trois frères, nous nous ressemblons tant que la princesse ne pourra peut-être pas dire qui est son mari. Allons la voir, et ne lui disons pas qui est Petit-Jean." Comme ils arrivent au château, chez la princesse: "Qui est votre mari, belle princesse? Pouvez-vous le dire?" Elle hésite et ne sait qui prendre, puisqu'ils e ressemblent comme trois gouttes d'eau. Petit-Jean lui fait un clin-d'œil. Elle dit: "*C'ti-là*¹ est mon mari." — "Ah, mon bougre, tu lui as fait un clin-d'œil!" — "Oui, gredins² que vous êtes! Je ne voulais pas la mettre si en peine."

Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici vous le raconter.

59. LE CONTE DE FESSE-BEN.³

Une fois, c'était un vieux et une vieille. Leur seul enfant était un petit garçon; Fesse-ben, c'était son nom.

A l'âge de sept ans, Fesse-ben n'avait pas encore sorti de la maison. Son père, un jour, dit: "Fesse-ben, viens avec moi dans les bois chercher une petite brassée de branches, pour faire du feu." Parti avec son père, le petit garçon le suit à la forêt. Dans la forêt, son père lui casse une brassée de branches. "Tiens, mon petit garçon! apporte ça à ta mère, qu'elle fasse cuire de la bouillie, aujourd'hui." — "*Ben, poupa*, allez donc la porter, votre brassée de branches. Moi, je vas m'en casser une, et je vous rejoindrai *betô*." Le père parti pour la

¹ Pour "ce petit-là."

² Fournier prononçait "*gueurdin*."

³ Récité par Narcisse Thiboutot, à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en août, 1915. Thiboutot dit avoir appris ce conte à Sainte-Anne; mais il ne se souvient pas de qui.

Le loup n[e] veut pas manger bébé;
 Bébé ne veut pas fair[e] dodo.
 Bébé, fais dodo,
Katlíingo!

4. Faut aller chercher le feu (*3 fois*),
 Pour venir brûler l[e] bâton (*3 fois*).
 Le feu n[e] veut pas
 L[e] bâton n[e] veut
 Le
 Le loup n[e] veut
 Bébé ne veut pas fair[e] dodo.
Katlíingo!

5. Faut aller chercher de l'eau (*2 fois*),
 Pour venir éteindr[e] le feu (*2 fois*).
 L'eau ne veut pas éteindr[e] le feu;
 Le feu n[e] veut pas brûler l[e] bâton;
 L[e] bâton n[e] veut pas battre le chien;
 L[e] chien n[e] veut pas mordre le loup;
 Le loup n[e] veut pas manger bébé;
 Bébé ne veut pas fair[e] dodo.
 Bébé, fais dodo,
Katlíingo!

6. Faut aller chercher le bœuf (*3 fois*),
 Pour venire
 Le bœuf ne
 L'eau ne le feu;
 Le feu n[e] veut pas brûler l[e] bâton;
 L[e] bâton n[e] veut pas battre le chien;
 Le mordre le loup;
 Le loup n[e] veut pas manger bébé;
 Bébé ne veut pas fair[e] dodo.
 Bébé, fais dodo,
Katlíingo!

7. Faut aller chercher l[e] boucher (*3 fois*),
 Pour venir tuer le bœuf (*3 fois*).
 L[e] boucher veut bien tuer le bœuf;
 Et le bœuf veut bien boire l'eau;
 L'eau veut bien éteindre le feu;
 bâton;
 le chien;
 Le le loup;
 Le
 Bébé veut bien faire dodo...
 Bébé fait dodo,
Katlíingo!

5. On va chercher de l'eau pour éteindre le feu (*bis*).
L'eau [ne] veut pas éteindre le feu;
Le feu [ne] veut pas brûler bâton;
Bâton [ne] veut pas battre le chien;
Le chien [ne] veut pas manger bouquin;
Bouquin [ne] veut pas manger le chou.
Fichons le petit bouquin;
Fichons le gardera (bis).
6. On va chercher le bœuf pour faire boire l'eau (*bis*).
Le bœuf [ne] veut pas boire l'eau;
L'eau [ne] veut pas éteindr[e] le feu;
Le feu [ne] veut pas brûler l[e] bâton;
L[e] bâton [ne] veut pas battre le chien;
Le chien [ne] veut pas manger bouquin;
Bouquin [ne] veut pas manger le chou.
Fichons le petit bouquin;
Fichons le gardera (bis).
7. On va chercher l[e] boucher pour faire tuer le bœuf (*bis*).
L[e] boucher veut bien tuer le bœuf;
Le bœuf veut bien boire l'eau;
L'eau veut bien éteindr[e] le feu;
Le feu veut bien brûler bâton;
Bâton veut bien battre le chien;
Le chien veut bien manger bouquin;
Bouquin veut bien manger le chou.
Fichons le petit bouquin;
Fichons le gardera (bis).

Quand tout à coup *r'soudit*¹
 Un de ses voisins, qui lui dit:
 —“Bonjour, monsieur Michel Morin!”
 —“Bonjour, p'tit Jean, voisin!”
 —“Voulez-vous me prêter
 Votre bel âne, pour aller porter
 Le linge de ma commère
 A la grenouillère?”

.

J'ai fait allusion, il y a instant, à la prédilection des conteurs pour les bouts à rimes ou à assonances — les “*rimettes à Marichette*,” comme ils les désignaient pittoresquement —. En voici un exemple que je puis reconstituer à peu près exactement, comme il m'a été raconté très souvent:

Un jour, Michel Morin,
 Levé de grand matin,
 S'en allait au moulin
 Porter du sarrasin,
 Quand lui dit son voisin
 Sur un ton baladin:
 —“Il est trop grand matin,
 Monsieur Michel Morin,
 Pour aller au moulin
 Y faire moudre du grain.”
 —“S'il est trop grand matin,
 Répond d'un air malin
 Monsieur Michel Morin,
 Pour aller au moulin,
 Il est bien trop matin,
 Monsieur Michel Flandrin,
 Pour fair' le galopin,
 A courir les chemins!”

Enfin le trépas héroïque de Michel Morin a été chanté de bien des manières, voire même en latin — de cuisine! La “cantate” suivante fut exécutée avec grande pompe dans une soirée récréative à laquelle j'assistais comme élève, au collège de Saint-Hyacinthe (Qué.), il y a environ trente-cinq ans:

MICHELI MORINI
 FUNESTUS TRESPASSUS!²

Rami in supremo nidum
 Pia garrula percharat.
 Numerosa cohua

¹ *Ressoudre*, expression signifiant “rejaillir, survenir à l'improviste, arriver,” etc., et qu'on croit venir du verbe latin *resurgere* (cf. S. Clapin, Dictionnaire canadien-français).

² Gaston de Montigny, il y a à peu près vingt-cinq ans, apprit une version analogue, au Collège de Joliette (Qué.).

Dimancho assemblata
 Tâchat perchis si tapantes
 Envoyare piam possunt
 Ad Gyabolum (*au diable !*)
 — Arduum opus! —
 Michelus Morinus
 Audiit hurlamenta rientium;
 Tanquam cervus essoufflatus
 Currit totis jambis,
 Sonat tellus sabotato pede.
 Tum vaillantissimus heros,
 Sub chapotum troussans crines,
 Sabotosque dechaussans,
 Sese deshabillat.
 Grandi signat cruce frontem;
 In manibus crachat;
 Elato pede grimpat in ornum.
 —“ Quò tua, exclamat parochus,
 Vaillantia portat?
 Ergo voce tuâ
 Nec plus resonabit
 Eglisæ vouta;
 Nec plus chantabis;
 ‘*Iste Confessor Dômini, sacratus*
 ‘*Festa plebs cujus*
 ‘*Celebrat per orbem,*
 ‘*Hodie lætus mervuit secreta*
 ‘*Scandere cæli.*’
 Siste Michele!
 Quis post hæc
 Charmabit oreillas
 Clocharum sonitu?
 Siste ergo!
 Atque te redde,
 Michele,
 Meis prieris!”
 Michelus Morinus
 Branchâ forte sedebat;
 Tunc Michelus sedebat
 Brancha rongeata a vermis
 Tunc illa:
 “Cri, cra, cri, cra, crac ! ! !”
 De branchâ in brancham
 Degringolat,
 Atque fecit
 Pouf! . . .
 Hurlat:
 “Ai, oil ai, oil ai, oil”
 Sed frustrâ;
 Mortuus est.

.

Sic moruit Michelus Morinus.

[NOTE.—Aux versions de M. Victor Morin nous en ajoutons une autre très incomplète, recueillie aux Eboulements, comté de Charlevoix, en 1916, d'Edmond Boudreau, un mousse de 22 ans, qui l'a imparfaitement apprise de M. Vézina-Tremblay, un homme âgé, du même endroit.

LE PAUVRE MICHEL MORIN.

Bel *gentus* est,
Gent tête de foin,
... (dans) la commune;
Sept jours passés à la bru[m]e.

Lorsque j'aperçus le docteur *Brâm* (Abraham),
Qui prêchait fortement fort
Sur les dîmes de la mort

Pâpé gaté, *pâpé* gaté!
"Je vous salue Marie! ...

Lève-toi donc, *pauv' Lanore* (Léonore), pour faire des crêpes à ce pauvre Michel Morin, qui travaille jour et nuit!

... A l'heure de notre mort, ainsi soit-il! "

Voilà qu'elle se lève, qu'elle met sa camisole blanche et son bonnet de nuit. Elle commence à faire des crêpes, (en fait) pendant trois jours.

Voilà ce pauvre Michel Morin [qui] prend son fusil sur son épaule, montant la côte Pierre, pour [y] dénicher les pipes et les bouteilles d'eau-de-vie. De pistes de renard, [il] n'en avait jamais tant vu; mais de pistes de lièvre, [il y en avait encore] plus. Il rencontre un lièvre. Touchant: Pouf! Il le descend. Mangea son gibier.

En passant sur un pont, il rencontre trois de ses amis, qui lui demandent de quoi pour se régaler en maître. Il se débarassa de ses vêtements; il prit une *plonge*. On le crut noyé, mais pas du tout! Il *ressouda* avec trois brochées de poisson, longs..., longs comme d'icite à aller à demain. [Il en fit] une matelote de cent soixante et *douel* (?) pouces.

C'était un jeudi, lorsqu'il rencontra la blanchisseuse qui portait le linge. Elle lui demanda le bel âne. "Prenez-le, je vous le permets." C'est en passant le *russeau* (ruisseau) de *Qualbec* [qu']il s'embourba de la queue jusqu'au bec, [à cause] des coups [qu'on lui donna] pour le faire

relever. [Michel Morin] pleura pendant longtemps, autant *comme* la sainte Madeleine a pleuré dans toute sa vie.

.....

Or, ce pauv' Michel Morin monta dans un arbre pour dénicher des m[e]rles. Il monte... Quand il fut rendu à la tête, il s'écria: "Victoire! dans un instant, je vas l'avoir." Mais la branche cassa; il descend de branche en branche. Il tomba *haut-en-bas*; il se cassa les reins. "Vite, vite! allez chercher le notaire, que je fasse mon testament."

Arrive le notaire.

"Ecrivez, notaire!

. . . Trois pièces de terre

Sur la côte Pierre . . ."

Sa femme s'avance à lui,

Elle a bien dit:

"Nous n'avons pas trois pots

De *li* moineaux."

—"Oui, ma femme!"

"Ecrivez, notaire!" Son fils s'avance à lui. "Est-ce que je n'aurai pas quelque don de vous, mon père?" — "Avance, mon fils! je te donne mon *creux*, mon estomac et mon tabac." — "Merci bien, *poupa!*" Son filleu s'avance à lui. "Est-ce que je n'aurai pas quelque don de vous, mon parrain?" — "Avance, mon filleu! Je te donne fagots de *beauté*, fagots d'épines, fagots de *renfort collure*, un bon rondin pour te dégourdir les reins. Tu passeras pour le meilleur *forcateur* (fagoteur) de France." — "Merci bien, mon parrain!" Il y avait une vieille cuisinière qui faisait la cuisine depuis trente ans; [elle] avance à lui et elle dit: "Est-ce que je n'aurai pas quelque don de vous, mon maître?" — "Oui, avance, Claudine, avec tes grosses babines! Prends trois œufs de la grosse poule noire; tu t'en feras une omelette, dans la grande chaudière de fer. Tu en auras même pour te *décarêmer*; [mais ça] ne te figera pas sur le cœur." — "Merci bien, mon maître!" Le notaire prend parole: "Ecrire tout ce que vous me direz, ça prendrait un livre entier." — "Ecrivez, notaire! c'est moi qui vous le dit. Vous ne trouverez [pas tous les jours] de ces hommes d'avantages!"

.....

(Voilà Michel Morin mort.) [Ah!] que nous avons perdu *gros* en perdant ce pauvre Michel Morin, [lui] qui nous contait souvent l'histoire des *esprignes* (*spring*: ressorts), chez sa tante et sa cousine. [Il faut dire] qu'il avait toujours bon compte; il gagnait bonnes gages... , mais il tenait toujours le large!...

C.-M. BARBEAU.]

Une vieille vient à lui, qui lui dit: "Bonjour, mon Petit-Jean!" — "Bonjour, bonne *memère!*" — "Qu'est-ce que tu viens faire ici, mon Petit-Jean?" — "Je ne sais pas ce que je viens faire, bonne *memère!* J'ai été abandonné par mon bâtiment; je n'ai rien à manger, et j'ai bien peur d'être dévoré par les bêtes féroces." La bonne vieille, étant une fée, lui donne une petite serviette en lui disant: "Tiens, mon Petit-Jean, prends cela; quand tu voudras manger, tu étendras ta serviette par terre et tu diras:

'Par la vertu de ma serviette,
Je veux que le couvert se mette;'

Et tu en auras pour ta faim et pour la faim de tous ceux que tu voudras." — "Merci, bonne *memère!*" qu'il lui dit; et il continue dans le chemin.

Arrivé au bord du bois, Petit-Jean commence à avoir faim, et il se dit: "Il faut que j'essaie la vertu de ma serviette." Il l'étend à terre sur l'herbe, en disant:

"Par la vertu de ma serviette,
Je veux que le couvert se mette
Pour la faim de Petit-Jean."

Aussitôt se trouve toute espèce de gibier rôti et toute sorte de friandises; Petit-Jean mange à sa faim; et, bien content, il prend la serviette et la remet dans sa poche.

Arrivé dans le bois, il aperçoit venir un géant qui fait *revoler* la poussière cent pieds de haut. Dès que le géant le voit, il lui crie: "Que viens-tu faire ici, ver de terre?" Petit-Jean lui répond: "Je cherche mon chemin." Le géant lui dit: "Je vas te montrer ton chemin tout de suite, en t'avalant en deux bouchées, car je n'en ai pas pour le creux de ma grosse dent." Petit-Jean lui répond: "Combien vous en faudrait-il comme moi, pour manger à votre faim?" — "Il m'en faudrait quatorze comme toi." — "Dans ce cas-là, répond Petit-Jean, il y a moyen de s'entendre; si je vous donne à manger à votre faim, vous n'avez pas besoin de m'avaler?" Le géant lui dit: "Ce n'est pas le temps de rire, parce que j'ai faim." Petit-Jean lui répond: "C'est-il un marché fait?" Et il étend sa serviette, en disant:

"Par la vertu de ma serviette,
Je veux que le couvert se mette
Pour la faim du géant."

Aussitôt la terre est couverte de pâtés, de rôtis et de toutes sortes de friandises. Il y en a tant que le géant en a pour rassasier sa faim, et

il lui en reste encore. Il dit à Petit-Jean: "Tu devrais bien me donner ta serviette." Petit-Jean répond: "Non, j'en aurai encore besoin." Le géant reprend: "Mange à ta faim avec ce qui reste, et donne-moi ta serviette." Petit-Jean ne veut pas. Le géant dit: "Si tu ne veux pas me la donner, veux-tu la changer?" — "Qu'est-ce que vous allez me donner?" — "Je vas te donner mon sabre de sept lieues, qui coupe à n'importe quelle distance jusqu'à sept lieues." Petit-Jean a une idée; il dit: "C'est un marché fait." Il donne sa serviette et prend le sabre.

Le géant part. Quand il a fait une lieue, Petit-Jean prend son sabre et lui coupe la tête. Il va alors chercher sa serviette, qu'il met dans sa poche, et il continue son chemin, pensant: "Je n'aurai pas peur à présent de me faire dévorer par les bêtes féroces."

Un peu plus loin, il voit venir un autre géant qui fait *revoler* la poussière à deux cents pieds de haut. Le géant lui dit, en le voyant: "Que viens-tu faire ici, ver de terre?" Petit-Jean répond: "Je cherche mon chemin." — "Je vas te le montrer tout de suite, ton chemin! Je n'en ai pas pour ma grosse dent de toi." — "Combien vous en faut-il comme moi pour vous rassasier?" — "Il m'en faudrait au moins vingt." — "S'il ne vous faut que cela, répond Petit-Jean, il y a moyen de s'arranger." Il déplie sa serviette et dit:

"Par la vertu de ma serviette,
Je veux que le couvert se mette
Pour la faim du géant."

Aussitôt la terre est couverte de toute espèce de viandes et de friandises, et le géant mange à sa faim. Il dit à Petit-Jean: "Tu devrais bien me donner ta serviette." Petit-Jean répond: "J'en ai encore besoin." Le géant lui dit: "Mange à ta faim, et tu n'en auras plus besoin." Petit-Jean reprend: "J'en aurai besoin demain, parce que la faim me reviendra." — "Si tu ne veux pas me la donner, veux-tu la changer?" — "Qu'est-ce que vous allez me donner?" répond Petit-Jean. "Je vas te donner mon cor merveilleux; tu n'as qu'à souffler dedans, et il en sortira tous les hommes dont tu auras besoin et qui travailleront pour toi." — "Mais si je n'ai pas ma serviette pour les nourrir, répond Petit-Jean, qu'est-ce que j'en ferai?" — "Tu n'auras qu'à 'retirer ton vent' et les hommes rentreront dans le cor merveilleux." Petit-Jean a une idée; il donne sa serviette, prend le cor merveilleux et continue son chemin. Lorsqu'il a fait environ une lieue, il se retourne, prend son sabre de sept lieues et coupe la tête du géant. Il va chercher sa serviette et continue son chemin.

Il arrive en face d'un beau château tout muré, sans porte ni *chassis*.¹ Il voudrait bien entrer dans le château pour voir ce qu'il y a dedans,

¹ Dans le sens de "fenêtre."

répond Petit-Jean; mais si vous tenez absolument à lui faire quelque chose, j'ai ici mes quatre chevaux, qui n'ont rien à faire; faites-les tirer à ses quatre membres." Le roi fait atteler les quatre chevaux aux jambes et aux bras du Prince-fendant et les fait tirer. Le Prince-fendant devient un prince fendu. Petit-Jean et sa princesse retournent à leur château, et ils ont continué à visiter le roi et la reine.

Mais depuis ce temps-là, comme ils paraissaient mieux aimer rester en famille, j'ai cessé de *les voisiner*.

MONTRÉAL, CAN.

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Seconde Série.

Par C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.

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FACÉTIES ET CONTES CANADIENS.

Par VICTOR MORIN.

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you willin' to go back home with me, sister? That ain't nothin' in de worl' but the Devil." Brother threw out an aigg, en said, "Wheel, Betty!" En Betty wheel. "Betty, go 'long! Hop en skip!" En Betty flew back home to her father. En behol'! next mornin' what should we see but the Devil comin'.¹ He went up to de gate. He says,² —

"Enbody here?
Enbody here?
Name Ma'y Brown
Genral Cling town."³

Ol' witch⁴ says, —

"Somebody here,
Somebody here.
Name Ma'y Brown
Genral Cling town.

"What is whiter,
What is whiter,
Than any sheep's down
In Genral Cling town?

"Snow is whiter,
Snow is whiter,
Than any sheep's down
In Genral Cling town.

"What is greener,
What is greener,
Than any wheat growed
In Genral Cling town?

"Grass is greener,
Grass is greener,
Than any wheat growed
In Genral Cling town.

"What is bluer,
What is bluer,
Than anything down
In Genral Cling town?

"The sky is bluer,
The sky is bluer,

¹ Ol' Betty turned an' went back to his master. That man know that Betty turn up to dat lady's house an' car'ed her home. He gettin' in his cheriot an' come back as hard as he could.

² Young chanted the following. Obviously he had originally heard it sung.

³ "That was hell."

⁴ *Variant:* The lady brother went an' got an ol' woman who could answer that ol' man's questions. If that ol' woman couldn't have answered one of them questions, she'd [he'd] have got that girl.

"I'll whet my knife,
I'll tap my knife,
I'll go through ham an' fat to-night."

"Ain't the boys sleepin' good?" one said to another. The boys had fall over a stick of wood what was under the bed. They put the stick of wood in the bed, an' they crawled under the house an' went back to the spring, an' clam' the tree. The witches passed 'em. One gets de lantern, an' de oder the axe. They found 'em up a tree. They begin to cut the tree. The little boy axed to pray.

"King Kilus,¹
King Lovus,¹
I'm only twenty-five² miles from home."

An' dey begin to cut. An' the dogs would howl. Little boy axed to pray again.

"King Kilus,
King Lovus,
I'm only a little way from home now."

An' the dogs come an' killed the witches, an' carried the little boys home.

40. FATAL IMITATION.³

One time an ol' rooster an' a rabbit farmin'. One day tol' de rooster ter come to de fiel' ter hoe corn. Ol' Rabbit down in de fiel'. Ol' Rooster up to de house. Ol' Rooster come back, put his head up on his wing. Ol' Rooster tol' Rabbit his wife cut off his head. Ol' Rabbit went tol' his wife, "Wife cut off my head." She said, "Oh, it will kill you." — "Cut off my head." When she got to cuttin' it off, he said, "Stop, stop!"

41. THE PUMPKIN.⁴

Tol' Jack to get de fastes' horse in de lot. He got up on de horse to go out on de plantation to drop de pum'kin-seed. He made a hole wi' de stick, dropped de seed. Horse ran as fas' as he could.

¹ Names of dogs. In one variant the dog's name is Carlo.

² *Variant*: Forty.

³ Informant 14. This pattern is common among Portuguese-Negro tales I have collected from Cape Verde Islanders. See this number, pp. 226, 237.

⁴ Informant 3. This tale and the following present a type whose pattern or ornament is maximum exaggeration. These two tales are instances of the same type I have found well marked in Bahama and in Cape Verde Islands tales. This type of expression appears to make a peculiar appeal to certain narrators, who indulge in it whenever the tale affords opportunity. These narrators are comparatively few.

NOTES ON FOLK-LORE OF GUILFORD COUNTY,¹ NORTH
CAROLINA.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

RIDDLES.

Riddles 1 to 23 appeared to me to be more generally known than riddles 24 to 56; but, without further collecting, the impression must be taken as in a measure haphazard. But that riddles 1 to 23 have a general circulation I can assert.

1. Round as a biscuit,²
Deep as a cup,
All king's ³ horses
Can't pull it up.

Ans. — Well.

2. Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee,
The prettiest little thing
I ever did see.

Ans. — Watch.

3. A house full, a yard full,
An' can't ketch a spoonful.

Ans. — Smoke.

4. Long legs an' short thighs,
Bald head an' no eyes.

Ans. — Tongs.

5. Long legs an' short thighs,
Rusty back an' bullet eyes.

Ans. — Frog.

6. Dead in de middle,
Live at each end.

Ans. — A man and a horse ploughing.

7. Four standin',
Four hang downward,
One twis' about,
An' two look about.⁴

Ans. — Cow.

8. Black an' white an' red all over.

Ans. — Newspaper.

¹ Several informants came from Rockingham County, and one family from Forsyth County.

² *Variant*: Hoop.

³ *Variant*: Sixteen.

⁴ *Variant* (White man): Four standers,
Two hookers,
Two lookers.

9. Runs all around the house
An' makes one track.¹

Ans. — Wheelbarrow.

10. I went up a heap o' steeple,
There I met a heap o' people,
Some pernicky, some pernacky,²
An' some de color brown terbacky.

Ans. — Bees, yellow-jackets, and waspés.

11. Green as grass, an' grass it's not.
White as snow, an' snow it's not.³
Red as blood, an' blood it's not.
Black as ink, an' ink it's not.

Ans. — Blackberry.

12. Goin' to everybody's house,
An' didn' go in.

Ans. — Path.

13. Eleven pears was hangin' high,
Eleven men went ridin' by.
Each man was takin' a pear,
An' lef' eleven hangin' dere.

Ans. — "Each Man" was the man's name.

15. A man shook it an' shook it,
An' ol' lady took up her apern and took it.⁴

Ans. — Apple-tree.

16. Large at the bottom,
Small at the top,
Thing in the middle
Goes flippity flop.

Ans. — Churn.

17. I rode over London Bridge,
Yet I walked.

Ans. — "Yet I" was the name of a dog.

18. Long slick black feller,
Pull his tail an' make him beller.

Ans. — Shotgun.

19. Little red ridin' coat,
The longer she lives,
The shorter she grows.

Ans. — Candlestick.

¹ *Variant:* What runs all the time an' makes but one track?

² *Variants:* Some was nick, some was nack. Some was nickel.

³ *Variant:* White as milk, an' milk it taint.

⁴ *Variant:* Up went the ol' lady apern,
An' she took it.

20. Over water, under water,
Got a tongue,
Never drunk a drop.¹

Ans. — Wagon.

21. Run an' never walk,
Tongue an' never talk.

Ans. — Wagon.

22. Runs all day, an' comes home with
its tongue out at night.

Ans. — Wagon.

23. (a) Love I hold in my right hand,
Love I see in yonder tree.
If you tell me that riddle,
You may kill me.

Ans. — Her parents didn' want her to get married. If she fix up a riddle they couldn' unriddle, they would agree. If not, they would kill her. She had a dog name Love. Put a piece in her glove, another piece in a tree.

- (b) Love, Love,
Love I stand,
Love I see,
Love I hol' in my right hand.
Unriddle that,
You can hang me.

Ans. — They was goin' to hang a woman. They tol' her if she tell a big riddle they wouldn' hang. She taken an' killed a dog. She had a dog name Love. Had a piece of em stuck up in a tree, had a piece in her han', a piece in her shoe.

In the two preceding riddles (23, *a* and *b*) the answer was given before the riddle; so that the riddle was set into a tale, so to speak. The like method was followed in what appears a variant of the same riddle.²

(c) Said once there was a man who had done a hanging crime. He was going to be hung. An' de men tol' him if he tol' a riddle dey couldn' unriddle, dat they wouldn't hang him. So he said, —

Hone [horn] ate a hone in a high oak-tree.
Unriddle dat, you may hang me.³

¹ *Variant:* It goes to the brook,
An' got a tongue,
But won't drink.

² See, too, "Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina" (p. 184). "Woman up a Tree" was given to me indifferently, either as a tale or as a riddle.

³ The criminal, it was explained, had a dog named "Horn," and he it was who ate a horn.

24. Legs an' don't walk,
Face an' don't talk.
Ans. — Clock.
25. Goes all day,
Sits in a corner all night.
Ans. — Shoe.
26. You've got it. You know it.
Somebody else use it more than you do.
Ans. — Name.
27. De hog under the hill,
The more corn you give her,
The more she squeal.
Ans. — Gris' mill.
28. All through the woods,
An' hasn' got but one eye.
Ans. — Axe.
29. Blackie upstairs,
Whitie downstairs.
Ans. — Hen lays downstairs and goes up.
30. Bum bum in the house,
Bum bum outdoors,
Bum bum everywhere it goes.
Ans. — Bumblebee.
31. I wash my han's in water
Neither rain nor run.
I dry my han's on a napkin
Neither wove nor spun.
Ans. — Wash in watermelon, dry on the rind.
32. Crooked as a rainbow,
Teeth like a cat.
Guess all your lifetime,
You never guess that.
Ans. — Saw.
33. Open like a barn door,
Shuts up like a bet (bat).
Guess all your lifetime,
You never guess that.
Ans. — Umbrella.
34. I ain't got it,
I don't want it,
If I had it,
I wouldn't take the world for it.
Ans. — Bald head.
35. What is leaves its tongue out, cold or hot?
Ans. — Dog.

36. Three legs up,
Cold as a stone.
Six legs down,
Blood an' bone.

Ans. — A man riding a horse
with a pot on his head.

37. I had a dog.
He had a name.
I lay you can't tell me¹
What his name.

Ans. — "You Know," his name.

38. When it goes in,
It's stiff an' stout.
When it goes out,
It's floppin' about.

Ans. — Cabbage.

39. The ol' lady pitted it,
An' she patted it.
The ol' man undressed,
An' jumped at it.

Ans. — Bed.

40. Between heaven an' earth
An' not on a tree.
I've tol' you,
Now you tell me.

Ans. — Nut on a tree.

41. Hold my cock,
Until I back my ass,
An' I will show you my nuts.

Ans. — A man selling nuts,
with a cock in his hand.

42. Way over yonder, in yonder flat
I saw ten thousan' workin' at that.
Some wore green coats, some wore black.
Come, good scholar, an' unriddle that!

Ans. — Bugs of some kind.

43. Roun' as a ball,
Sharp as an awl.
Those can't guess
Are no account at all.

Ans. — Chestnut-burr.

44. Lil had it before.
Paul had it behin'.
Miss Miller had it twice in the same place.
Girls all have it,
An' the boys can't have it.

Ans. — Letter *l*.

45. Red inside,
Black outside.
He raise his leg up an' shoves it in.

Ans. — Boot.

¹ This should be "You Know," I infer.

46. Excuse my revelation.
Weak but willin',
Poor but proud,
See me keep a-comin'.
Tongue-tied,
Three-posted,
Short hair I wear,
Pay fer sittin' down.

The answer was forgotten.

47. King meet king in king's lane.
King said, "King, what is thy name?"
Silk is my saddle, gold is my bowl.
I've tol' you my name three times in a row.

Ans. — "Three Times."

48. As I went over London Bridge,
I heard some cough an' call.
His leg was bone, his teeth was hone [horn].
Unriddle that riddle, I give you all my cone [corn].

Ans. — A rooster.

49. In the water, under the water,
An' never gits wet.

Ans. — Duck-egg.

50. Titty titty upstairs,
Titty titty downstairs.
Don' min' titty titty bite yer.

Ans. — Rat.

51. Humpy Dumpy on de wall,
Humpy Dumpy had a fall.
Fourscore men can't put Humpy Dumpy togeder again.

Ans. — Egg.

52. Black within,
Red without.
Four corners round about.

Ans. — Fireplace.

53. Ol' lady peewee
Wade in de water knee dee[p].
She looked at me wi' a funny eye.

Ans. — Sun.

54. Go all around the house
An' throw white gloves in the winder.

Ans. — Snow.

55. I was four weeks old
When Cain was born.
Not five weeks old yet.

Ans. — Moon.¹

¹ This riddle and the following were told me by a white woman. She had heard them in youth from an old Negro.

56. God never did see,
George Washington scarcely ever did,
And we see every day.

Ans. — Our equals.

COUNTING-OUT GAME.

Hentry, mentry, coutry corn,
Apple seeds an' briar thorn.
William Trimbletoe
He's a good fisherman.
Ketches hens,
Put 'em in a pen.
Some lays eggs,
Some lays none.
Wil' briar, limber lock,
Ten geese in de flock.
The clock fell down,
The mouse ran aroun',
O U T spells *Begone*.¹

(*Variant.*)

William, William Trimbletoe
He's good fisher.
Catch him hen.
Put um in de pen.
Some lays eggs,
Some don't.
Wil' briar, limber lock,
Ten geeses in de flock.
Flock fell down,
Mouse cut aroun'.
O U T tawny spell go tee out.

The counting is done on the two forefingers of each player, the fingers together in a circle. The player counted out must withdraw, and bark like a dog, or crow like a rooster.

CLUB-FIST.

Wha' you got dere?
Bread an' cheese.
Wha's my share?
In the wood.
Wha' the wood?
Fire burned it down.
Wha' the fire?
Water put it out.
Wha' the water?
Ox drunk it.
Wha' the ox?

¹ Compare N. C. Hoke, "Folk-Custom and Folk-Belief in North Carolina" (JAFL 5: 119).

Good old egg-bread,
shake 'em!

Shake 'em, shake 'em!

Did you go to the lynchin'?
Yes, ma'am!
Did they lynch that man?

?

cry?

cry?

Baa, baa!

Did you go to the wedding?
Yes, ma'am!
Did you get any wine?
Yes, ma'am!

any cake?

Yes, ma'am!
How did it taste?
So good!
How did it taste?
So good!

shake 'em!

'em!

Bow, Mr. Blackbird, bow, Mr. Crow.
Bow, Mr. Blackbird, bow no mo'!

Similar to this is "Way Down Yonder."

Way down yonder

folks
!
J prayin'
!
man
!
Biscuits hot
!
!

J mo'
Soup to soup!

In "Old Green Field," too, the leader and the ring sing alternately. One inside chooses, and the action follows the words.

Old green field,
 Rock to your love!
 Old green field,
 Rock to your love!
 Tell me who you love!
 Rock to your love!
 Tell me who you love!
 Rock to your love!

O Miss ———! your name is called.
 Come, take a seat right beside your love!
 Kiss her once and let her go.
 Don't let her sit in this chair no mo'.
 Old green field,
 Rock to your love!
 Old green field,
 Rock to your love!

"Take Your Lover in the Ring" plainly dates from slavery times.

My old mistress promised me
 Before she died she would set me free.
 Take your lover in the ring.
 I don't care!
 Take your lover in the ring.
 I don't care!
 Now she's dead and gone to hell.
 I hope that devil will burn her well!
 Take your lover in the ring.
 I don't care!
 Take your lover in the ring.
 I don't care!
 It's a golden ring.
 I don't care!
 It's a silver ring.
 I don't care!

In "High O" the action is very swift. A girl skips quickly once around inside the ring, chooses another, and takes her place.

In come another one,
 High O!
 A mighty pretty little one,
 High O!
 Then get about, go!
 High O!
 Then get about, go!
 High O!

Perhaps the most charming of all is "This Lady wears a Dark-Green Shawl." The action is carried out by two in the centre, choosing as in the other games, in turn.



This lady she wears a dark-green shawl,
A dark-green shawl, a dark-green shawl.
This lady she wears a dark-green shawl —
I love her to my heart!

Now choose for your lover, honey, my love!
Honey, my love! honey, my love!
Now choose for your lover, honey, my love! —
I love her to my heart!

Now dance with your lover, honey, my love! etc.
Throw your arms 'round your lover, etc.
Farewell to your lover — etc.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Hunter did as Snake advised him. He sent word saying that he could cure the king, and asked as reward his release from prison and the king's daughter in marriage. Fearing death, the king consented, and allowed Hunter to try the remedy. The king was quickly restored to health. Hunter married the princess, and the teller of this tale was present at the wedding.

ARLINGTON, MASS.,

March 14, 1916.

to be furnished to contributors to the Publication Fund and to subscribers to the Memoirs.

Work on the Index is progressing rapidly now. The contents of the first twenty-five volumes have been listed, and the manuscript is ready including the letter *l*. It is hoped that the preparation of the manuscript will be completed by the spring of the coming year. The material for the first Negro Number has been collected by Mrs. Parsons, who is in charge of this subject, and it is hoped that the first Negro Number may appear early in the coming year.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor.*

The Secretary's and Editor's Reports were accepted as read.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1916.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1915	\$1,486.26
Hispanic Society contribution	350.00
Carnegie Peace Foundation contribution	200.00
Charles Peabody contribution	350.00
Interest	33.80
G. E. Stechert, sales of Journal and Memoirs	360.00
C. M. Barbeau, sales of Journal in Canada	43.50
Publication Fund	80.00
Life Member	50.00
Yearly members	904.14
Total receipts	<u>\$3,857.70</u>

DISBURSEMENTS.

Manufacture of Journals:	
July-September, October-December, 1915, January-March, April-June, 1916 .	\$1,504.65
Work on Index	213.00
Clerical work for Editor.	150.00
Rebates to Branches	90.16
Postage	5.30
Collections	1.24
Total expenses	<u>\$1,964.35</u>
Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1917	1,893.35
	<u>\$3,857.70</u>

ALFRED M. TOZZER, *Treasurer.*

Audited.
R. B. DIXON, }
C. PEABODY, } *Auditors.*

Professor Dixon and Dr. Peabody were appointed auditors.
The Editor was granted authority to arrange rates and a possible change of publisher for the Society.

a most encouraging year of ballad finds, numbering, in all, twenty-eight, most of them variants of those previously obtained. The most interesting event of the year from a ballad viewpoint was the visit to Virginia of Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, who has collected the words and music to more ballads surviving in England than any one else, living or dead. He spent several months in the mountains of North Carolina, where he collected about two hundred and sixty songs and ballads with their tunes. These are now being published in book form. The following officers were elected for 1917; *President*, Mr. John M. Stone; *Vice-President*, Miss Martha M. Davis; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Dr. W. A. Montgomery, Richmond; *Archivist*, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

PROVERBS FROM ABACO, BAHAMAS. — The following proverbs were collected on Abaco, in the Bahama Islands.¹

1. Hard head bud (bird) don' make good soup.
(Disobedient children don't turn out well.)
2. Beeg eye choke puppy.
(Equivalent to, "Don't bite off more than you can chew.")
3. Married got teet (teeth).
(Marriage isn't all bliss, and sometimes you get bitten.)
4. Better fer belly fer bus' en fer good wittles fer was'e. (Jamaica.)
5. Foller fashion kill monkey.
(Some people strain themselves to death trying to ape their neighbors.)
6. Too much sit-down break trousers.
(If you are lazy, you won't have any clothes to wear, as they wear out just the same.)
7. When cockroach have dance, he no ax fowl. (Jamaica.)
(Don't invite your enemies, they will only pick you to pieces.)
8. Loose goat do' know how tie' goat feel, but tie' goat know how loose goat feel.
(When a man is free and able to go about at will, he doesn't realize how blessed he is; but he soon realizes how fortunate he used to be, if he gets into trouble and is no longer free.)
9. God do' like ugly.
10. Do' t'row way dirty water till yer know where clean water dere.
(Be content with what you have until you see your way clear to something better.)
11. Easy, easy, kech (catch) monkey.
(Go cautiously and you will succeed.)
12. E'ry John Crow t'ink 'im pickaninny white. (Jamaica.)
(The blackest man thinks his own children the finest, and that they can do no wrong.)
13. Some mans does dead befo' dem time.
(They make trouble for themselves.)
14. When man drunk, him stagger; when woman drunk, him lay down.
(Women go to extremes more than men.)
15. Do' go da road, 'tis one bad road; de longes' road carry yer home safes'.
(Short cuts don't pay.)

HILDA ARMBRISTER.

¹ For Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 12, cf. "Creole Folk-Lore from Jamaica" (JAFL 9 : 38. Nos. 72, 44, 65, 13, 50, 28).—E. C. P.

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RIDDLES FROM ANDROS ISLAND, BAHAMAS. — The following riddles slipped in as I was engaged in collecting the "ol' storee" of Andros. Had I collected the riddles more systematically, undoubtedly I should have gotten a very large number, as riddles are a favorite pastime of all Andros-Islanders.

1. Me riddle me riddle burandy oh,
Perhaps I can clear dis riddle,
An' perhaps you can.

My fader had a cheer [chair], his own.
Couldn't come in an' set in it,
But some one else, a stranger,
Could come in and set in it.

Ans. — His daughter. He couldn't marry his
own daughter. A stranger had to
come an' marry her.

2. Me riddle me riddle me randy oh.
Perhaps you could clear dis riddle,
An' perhaps you can't.

Some t'ing
Go up an' come down
An' eat grass.¹

Ans. (?)

3. Me riddle me riddle me randy oh.
Here's a t'ing.

White outside
An' yaller inside.

Ans. — Egg.

4. T'ree sisters standin' together,
None can't touch each oder.

Ans. — Pot foot.

5. Little Nan Nan in a short petticoat,
De larger she get de shorter she be.

Ans. — Candle.

6. My fader had seven sons,
An' all seven couldn't talk to each oders.

Ans. — Seven stars.

7. Here's a t'ing.
Knockin' up to de sea night an' day,
An' none could talk to each oder.

Ans. — Sea and rock.

8. My fader had a son twenty years
An' never eat a meal of victuals.

Ans. — Clock.

¹ The propounder of this riddle and of a few of the others referred to them as "sweet riddles."

9. Here's a t'ing.
Green outside
An' yaller inside.

Ans. — Papaw.

10. Here's a t'ing.
White to de en',
Black to de middle.

Ans. — Walking-stick.

11. My fader had a sheet,
An' he kyouldn' fol' it.

Ans. — Sky.

12. De black man settin' on de red man head.

Ans. — Pot settin' on fire.

13. Me riddle me riddle me randy oh.
Perhaps you could tell me,
Perhaps you can't.

It was something
White outside,
Red inside.

Ans. — Foul egg.

14. Something roun'.
It rolls all day,
An' it stop at night.

Ans. — Tongue.

15. It's astonish to see de dead carr' de livin'.

Ans. — Boat.

16. Here's a t'ing.
Black outside
An' black inside.

Ans. — Umbrella.

17. My fader had thirty white horses an' one red one.

Ans. — Teeth and tongue.

18. What kyan an ol' woman
An' young one kyan't?

Ans. — Green pease and dry pease.

19. Me riddle me riddle me randy oh.
Perhaps you can,
Perhaps you can not.

Me fader had a t'ing.
It white inside,
It green outside.

Ans. — Cocoanut.¹

¹ Told in Nassau, New Providence.

20. Me fader had a t'ing.
You drink de blood
An' t'row away de back.

Ans. — Cocoanut.¹

21. M struck R, an' W run.

Ans. — Moses struck the Rock, and Water ran.

The following were given me as "toas" [toasts]: —

In spring I looks gay
Dress in handsome array.
De cooler it grew,
I t'row off my clothing,
In winter quite naked appear.

De hardes' work my mudder give me
To pass de ladies wine.
De hardes' work my fader give me
To cut down pine.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

NEW YORK.

¹ Told in Nassau, New Providence.

"Talking Thrush" with regard to modifications of the original versions, or had combined the two methods, her collection would have been far more valuable from the "interested reader's" point of view, and would have lost none of its charm.

Some objection might be raised to the lack of *genre* classification of the stories, if their aim is to convey information as to the "magic, superstitions, and weird customs of the Filipinos." Obviously there is a great difference in value between a myth and a world-wide hero-tale, or a legend and a fable, as cultural records. Magic, superstitions, and weird customs are usually found in narrative form embedded in fairy or demon stories; but this class of tales is almost altogether neglected in the collection. Creation stories, "just-so" stories, droll stories, legends, and myths so ancient that they survive only as entertaining tradition, are mixed up indiscriminately, with the result that the general reader cannot help but have a distorted and confused impression of the "wonder-world" these eleven distinct tribes have imaged for themselves.

The main value of the book is that it will serve to stimulate interest in the folk-lore of a section of the Orient which has been studied during the last two decades mainly from the point of view of its economic, political, and historical significance, but which is deserving of the most intelligent investigation by all who appreciate the worth of the labors of the brothers Grimm and their host of followers.

D. S. F.

1. As I was a-walking up Strawberry Lane, —
Every rose grows merry and fine, —
I chanced for to meet a pretty, fair maid,
Who wanted to be¹ a true-lover of mine.
2. "You'll have for to make me a cambric shirt, —
Every rose grows merry and fine, —
And every stitch must be finicle work,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine.
3. "You'll have for to wash it in a deep well, —
Every rose grows merry and fine, —
Where water never was nor rain ever fell,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine."

The man goes on to make several more conditions. Finally the girl turns on him thus: —

4. "Now, since you have been so hard with me, —
Every rose grows merry and fine, —
Perhaps I can be as hard with thee,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine.
5. "You'll have for to buy me an acre of ground, —
Every rose grows merry and fine, —
· · · · ·
Before you can be a true-lover of mine.
6. "You'll have for to plough it with a deer's horn, —
Every rose grows merry and fine, —
And plant it all over with one grain of corn,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine.
7. "You'll have for to thrash it in an eggshell, —
Every rose grows merry and fine, —
And bring it to market in a thimble,²
Before you can be a true-lover of mine."

THE FAUSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD (Child, No. 3).

The following delightful version was secured by Belden in 1916. It was sent to him by Miss J. D. Johns of St. Charles, Mo., who learned it from her uncle, Mr. Douglas Voss Martin. He learned it when a boy in Virginia from his grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Voss, who was a Scotchwoman. Mr. Cecil J. Sharp has recently found the ballad in the South, but his version is very different from that of Miss Johns. Barry gives a fragment of one stanza from Maine (Irish in source) in JAFL 24 : 344.

¹ Or "said she would be."

² Or, "And take it to market where man never dwelled."

2. The squire he courted the older first,
But still he loved the younger best.
3. The first that he bought her was a beaver hat.
The older thought right smart of that.
4. The next that he bought her was a gay gold ring.
He never bought the older a thing.
5. "Sister, O Sister! let's walk out,
And see the ships all sailing about."
6. They walked all along the salt-sea brim,
The older pushed the younger in.
7. "Sister, O Sister! lend me your hand,
And then I'll gain the promised land."
8. "It's neither will I lend you my hand nor my glove,
And then I'll gain your own true love."
9. Sometimes she'd sink, sometimes she'd swim,
Sometimes she'd grasp a broken limb.
10. Down she sank and off she swam,
She swam into the miller's dam.
11. The miller went fishing in his own milldam,
And he fished this lady out of the stream.
12. Off her finger he pulled three rings,
And dashed her in the brook again.
13. The miller was hanged on his own mill-gate
For the drowning of my sister Kate.

II.

There was an Old Woman Lived on the Seashore.

Communicated by Professor Louise Pound, 1916. "In a manuscript collection of songs in the possession of Mrs. Mary F. Lindsey, of Hebron, Neb. Dated 1870." It has obviously been used as a dance-song.

1. There was an old woman lived on the seashore,
Bow down,
There was an old woman lived on the seashore,
Balance true to me,
And she had daughters three or fore.
Saying, I'll be true to my love,
If my love is true to me.

3. "There is a wild boar in this wood
That'll cut your throat and suck your blood."
4. "Oh how can I this wild boar see?"
"Blow a blast, and he'll come to thee."
5. Old Bangum clapped his horn to his mouth
And blew a blast both loud and stout.
6. The wild boar came in such a rage
He made his way through oak and ash.
7. They fit three hours in the day;
At last the wild boar stole away.
8. Old Bangum rode to the wild boar's den
And spied the bones of a thousand men.

*Brangywell.*¹

From Ella Mary Leather, "The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire" (Hereford and London, 1912), pp. 202-203. From the singing of Mrs. Mellor at Dilwyn, 1905.

1. As Brangywell went forth to plough,
Dillum, down dillum;
As Brangywell went forth to plough,
Killy-co-quam;
As Brangywell went forth to plough,
He spied a lady on a bough,²
Killy-co, cuddle-dame,
Killy-co-quam.
2. "What makes thee sit so high, lady,
That no one can come nigh to thee?"
3. "There is a wild boar in the wood,
If I come down, he'll suck my blood."
4. "If I should kill the boar," said he,
"Wilt thou come down and marry me?"
5. "If thou shouldst kill the boar," said she,
"I will come down and marry thee."
6. Then Brangywell pulled out his dart
And shot the wild boar through the heart.

¹ "'Brangywell' has the *g* hard: the word may be a phonetic degradation of Egrabel (see Child)" (Leather, p. 204).

² Compare the fragment of two lines in Notes and Queries, 10th Series, 2 : 128:—

Franky Well went out to plough,
He spied a lady on a bough.

6. "Must I go east, must I go west,
Or any way under the sun,
To get a doctor so good and kind
As to heal the wounded one?"
7. "You need not go east, you need not go west,
Nor no way under the sun;
For there's no doctor but God alone
Can heal this wounded one."
8. She took him by the yellow hair,
She took him by the feet,
She threw him over the downward wall,
Where the water was cold and deep.
9. "Lie there, lie there, loving Henry," she cried,
"With water up to your chin;
For there's no girl in the Eden land
To await your long coming in."
10. "O don't you see that sweet little bird
A-flying from vine to vine?
It's searching for its own true love,
Just like I search for mine.
11. "Fly down, fly down, you sweet little bird,
And sit upon my knee;
For I have a golden cage at home
Hanging in the green willow tree."
12. "I won't fly down, I won't fly down,
And sit upon your knee;
A girl who would murder her own true love
I'm sure would murder me."
13. "O if I had my cedar bow,
And arrow tied with string,
I'd plunge a diamond through your heart;
No longer you'd sit and sing."
14. "But if you had your little elder bow,
An arrow tied with string,
Away to some tall tree I'd fly,
And there I'd sit and sing."

II.

[Young Henry.]

Written down by Miss Vivian Bresnehen of Brookfield, Mo., from the singing of her father, who learned it from a hired man on the farm when he was a boy, in Linn County, about 1875. Communicated by Professor Belden, 1917.

1. "Light down, light down, Young Henry," she said,
 "And spend a night with me:
Your bed shall be made of the softest down;
 'Tis the best I can give thee."
2. "I won't light down, I can't light down,
 And spend a night with thee:
There's another girl in Archer's land
 I love much better than thee."
3. As he bent over his saddle-bow,
 To give her kisses three,
With the little penknife in her right hand
 She pierced his heart full deep.
4. "Fie, fie, fair Eleanor," he said,
 "Why did you do that to me?
There's not another girl in all the land
 I love as well as thee."
5. "Live half an hour, Young Henry," she said,
 "Live half an hour for me,
And all the men in our town
 Shall give relief to thee."
6. "I can't live half an hour," he said,
 "I can't live half an hour for thee,
For don't you see my own heart's blood
 Welling out of me?"
7. Some took him by his yellow hair,
 And others by his feet,
And threw him into a pool of water
 That was both cold and deep.
8. "Lie there, lie there, Young Henry," she said,
 "Till the flesh rots off your bones;
And that pretty girl in Archer's land
 Shall long for your return home."
9. A pretty parrot swinging in a willow tree,
 Hearing all they had to say,
Said, "Yes, that pretty girl in Archer's land
 Shall long for his return home."
10. "Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot," said she,
 "And alight on my right knee,
And your cage shall be made of the yellow beaten gold
 And swing in the willow tree."
11. "I can't fly down, I won't fly down,
 I won't fly down," said he,
"For you have murdered your own true love
 And soon would you murder me."

12. "If I had a bow in my right hand,
And an arrow to the string,
I would shoot you a dart right through the heart,
That you never should sing again."
13. "If you had a bow to your right hand,
And an arrow to the string,
I would raise my wings and fly away;
You never should see me again."

III.

Love Henry.

Communicated in 1916 by Mr. Wallace C. Wadsworth, as taken down from the singing of his mother and grandmother shortly before. Mr. Wadsworth notes that his grandmother had learned the song when young. "The district in which she was born, and has lived until the last few years, is a rather isolated farming community in southern Indiana, where all the people . . . are descendants of early settlers. Tracing farther back, they are nearly all from early English New England or Virginia stock."

1. "Sit down, sit down, Love Henry," she said,
"And stay all day with me,
And you shall have red cherries, as red,
As red as they can be."
2. "No I won't sit down, for I can't sit down,
And stay all day with thee;
For there's a pretty little girl in the Orkis land
That I love much better than thee."
3. And as he stooped o'er her pillow soft,
To give her a kiss so sweet,
With a little penknife in her right hand
She pierced his heart full deep.
4. "Oh fie, fie, fie, Fair Ellen," he said,
"How can you serve me so?
There's not a girl in all this world
That I love as well as thou."
5. "Oh live, live, live, Love Henry," she said,
"One-half an hour for me,
And all the doctors of Fairfield Town
Shall be here with thee."
6. "No I will not live, for I cannot live
One-half an hour for thee;
For I'm sure I feel my own heart's blood
Come a-trinkling down my knee."

And a golden wine upon the top of them,
To make them sweeter sleep.

9. "Take it off, take it off," says the oldest one,
"The cocks they will soon crow;
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
And to him we must go."
10. "Cold clods lays on our feet, mama;
Green grass grows over our heads;
The tears that run all down our cheeks
Did wet the winding sheets."

II.

Three Little Babes.

From Professor Louise Pound. Reported from Burt County, Nebraska, by L. A. Quivey of Salt Lake City, Utah. See Miss Pound's Syllabus, p. 10.

1. Christmas time was drawing near,
And the nights were growing cold,
When three little babes came running down
Into their mother's fold.
2. She spread a table long and wide,
And on it put bread and wine:
"Come eat, come drink, my sweet little babes;
Come eat and drink of mine."
3. "We want none of your bread, mother;
We want none of your wine;
For yonder stands our blessed Lord,
And to him we will join."
4. She made a bed in the very best room,
And on it placed clean sheets,
And over the top a golden spread,
The sweeter they might sleep.
5. "Take it off, take it off," cried the eldest one,
"Take it off," cried he;
"For I would not stay in this wicked world,
Since Christ has died for me."
6. "A sad farewell, kind mother dear;
We give the parting hand,
To meet again on that fair shore
In Canaan's happy land.
7. "A tombstone at our head, mother;
The cold clay at our feet;
The tears we have shed for you, mother,
Have wet these winding sheets."

III.

The Lady Gay.

Communicated by Miss Loraine Wyman, as sung by Jasper Day at Pine Mountain, Ky., May 4, 1916.

1. There was a lady, there was a lady gay,
Had handsome children three,
And sent them away to some northern countree
To learn those grammaree.
2. They hadn't been gone so mighty long,
Scarcely three months to a day,
Death came hastling along
And stole those babes away.
3. It was near Old Christmas time
When she prayed for her little babes;
It was near Old Christmas time
When her three little babes were sent home.
4. The table was ready set,
And on it she placed bread and wine:
Says, "You three little babes,
Come and eat, come and drink of mine."
5. "I don't want your bread,
I don't want your wine.
Yonder stands our Saviour dear;
To him we must resign."

IV.

The Three Little Babes.

Communicated by Professor Belden. He received it in 1905 from Professor A. R. Hohlfeld, who had it from Miss Mary Pierce, Nashville, Tenn. Miss Pierce heard the song in the Cumberland Mountains (Stonington Springs, Tenn.) in 1901.

1. A lady and a lady gay,
Children she had three,
She sent them away to a northern college
For to learn some grammaree.
2. They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
About three months and a day,
Till death came over the broad, broad land,
And swept those babes away.
3. And what will the dear mother say
When she does hear of this?
She'll wring her hands, she'll scream, and say,
"O, when shall I see my three babies?"

1. The first came in was a gay ladye;
The next came in was a girl;
The third came in was Lord Orland's wife,
The fairest of them all.
2. Little Mathew Grew was standing by;
She placed her eyes on him:
"Go up with me, Little Mathew Grew,
This livelong night we'll spend."
3. "I can tell by the ring that's on your finger
You are Lord Orland's wife."
"But if I am Lord Orland's wife,
Lord Orland is not at home."
4. The little footpage was standing by,
Heard all that she did say:
"Your husband sure will hear these words
Before the break of day."
5. He had sixteen miles to go,
And ten of them he run;
He run till he came to the broken bridge,
He smote his breast and swum.
6. He ran till he came to Lord Orland's hall,
He ran till he came to the gate,
He rattled those bells and he rung:
"Awake, Lord Orland, awake!"
7. "What's the matter, what's the matter, little footpage?
What's the news you bring to me?"
"Little Mathew Grew's in the bed with your wife;
It's as true as anything can be."
8. "If this be a lie," Lord Orland he said,
"That you have brought to me,
I'll build a scaffold on the king's highway,
And hanged you shall be."
9. "If this be a lie I bring to you,
Which you're taking it to be,
You need not build a scaffold on the king's highway,
But hang me to a tree."
-
10. At first they fell to hugging and kissing,
At last they fell to sleep;
All on the next morn when they awoke,
Lord Orland stood at their bed feet.
11. "O how do you like my curtains fine?
O how do you like my sheets?
O how do you like my gay ladye,
That lies in your arms asleep?"

4. The little footpage was standing by,
Heard every word was said:
"Your husband surely will hear these words
Before the break of day."
5. He had sixteen miles to go,
And ten of them he run;
He run, he run to the broken broken bridge,
He smote on his breast and swum.
6. He run till he came to Lord Daniel's hall,
He run till he came to the gate,
He rattled those bells and he rung.
.
7. "What's the matter, what's the matter, little white footpage?
What's the news you bring to me?"
"There's another man in the bed with your wife,
As sure as you are born."
8. "If this be a lie," Lord Daniel said,
"That you have brought to me,
I'll build me a scaffold on the king's highway road,
And hanged you shall be!" (*bis*)
9. "If this be a lie I bring to you,
Which you're taking it to be,
You need not build a scaffold on the king's highroad,
But hang me to a tree."
10. He gathered up an army of his men,
And he started with a free good will;
He put his bugle to his mouth,
And he blowed both loud and shrill.
11. "Get up, get up, little Mathew Grove;
Get up, then put on your clothes!"
"Lord Daniel surely comes home this night,
For I hear his bugle blow."
12. "Lie still, lie still
And keep me from the cold!
It's nothing but my father's shepherd,
Blowing of his sheep to the fold."
13. From that they fell to hugging and kissing,
From that they fell asleep,
And when they waked up, Lord Daniel
Was standing at their feet."
14. "How do you like your pillow, sir?
How do you like your sheet?
How do you like the gay ladye
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

15. "Very well I like your pillow, sir;
Very well I like your sheet;
Much better I like your gay ladye,
That lies in my arms and sleeps."
16. "Get up, get up, little Mathew Grove;
Get up and put on your clothes!
It never shall be said in this wide world
A naked man I slew."
17. "You have two bright swords," he said,
"Me not so much as a knife."
"You may have the very best sword,
And I will take the worst."¹
18. "You may take the very first lick,
And make it like a man;
And I will take the very next lick,
And kill you if I can."
19. Little Mathew struck the very first lick,
Lord Daniel struck the floor;
Lord Daniel took the very next lick,
Little Mathew struck no more.
20. He took the ladye all by the hand,
Says, "Come sit on my knee!
Which of those men you love best —
Little Mathew Grove or me?"
21. "Much better I like your rosy cheeks;
Much better I like your chin:
Much better I like little Mathew Grove
As you and all your kin."
22.
. . . he led her to the hall;
He drew his sword and cut off her head;
He stove it against the wall.

III.

Lord Daniel's Wife.

Collected by Miss Loraine Wyman, 1916, in Kentucky.

1. The first came down all dressed in red;
The next came down in green;
The next came down was Lord Daniel's wife,
She's as fine as any queen.

¹ This fragment was also collected by Miss Wyman: —

"Give me a show for my life," he said,
"Give me a show for my life;
For you have two bright swords by your side,
And I have not so much as a knife."

1. On a high holiday, on a high holiday,
The very first day of the year,
Little Matthy Groves to church did go
God's holy word to hear, hear,
God's holy word to hear.
2. The first that came in was a gay ladie,
And the next that came in was a girl,
And the next that came in was Lord Arnold's wife,
The fairest of them all.
3. He stepped right up unto this one,
And she made him this reply,
Saying, "You must go home with me to-night,
All night with me for to lie."
4. "I cannot go with you to-night,
I cannot go for my life;
For I know by the rings that are on your fingers
You are Lord Arnold's wife."
5. "And if I am Lord Arnold's wife,
I know that Lord Arnold's gone away;
He's gone away to old England
To see King Henery."
6. A little footpage was standing by,
And he took to his feet and run;
He run till he came to the water-side,
And he bent his breast and swum.
7. "What news, what news, my little footpage?
What news have you for me?
Are my castle walls all toren down,
Or are my castles three?"
8. "Your castle walls are not toren down,
Nor are your towers three;
But little Matthy Groves is in your house,
In bed with your gay ladie."
9. He took his merry men by the hand
And placed them all in a row,
And he bade them not one word for to speak
And not one horn for to blow.
10. There was one man among them all
Who owed little Matthy some good will,

And he put his bugle horn to his mouth
And he blew both loud and shrill.

11. "Hark, hark! hark, hark!" said little Matthy Groves,
 "I hear the bugle blow;
And every note it seems to say,
 'Arise, arise, and go!'"
12. "Lie down, lie down, little Matthy Groves,
 And keep my back from the cold!
It is my father's shepherd boys
 A-blowing up the sheep from the fold."
13. From that they fell to hugging and kissing,
 And from that they fell to sleep;
And next morn when they woke at the break of the day,
 Lord Arnold stood at their feet.
14. "And it's how do you like my fine feather-bed,
 And it's how do you like my sheets?
And it's how do you like my gay ladie,
 That lies in your arms and sleeps?"
15. "Very well do I like your fine feather-beds,
 Very well do I like your sheets;
But much better do I like your gay ladie,
 That lies in my arms and sleeps."
16. "Now get you up, little Matthy Groves,
 And all your clothes put on;
For it never shall be said in old England
 That I slew a naked man."
17. "I will get up," said little Matthy Groves,
 "And fight you for my life,
Though you've two bright swords hanging by your side,
 And me not a pocket-knife!"
18. "If I've two bright swords by my side,
 They cost me deep in purse;
And you shall have the better of the two,
 And I will keep the worse."
19. The very first lick that little Matthy struck,
 He wounded Lord Arnold sore;
But the very first lick that Lord Arnold struck,
 Little Matthy struck no more.
20. He took his ladie by the hand •
 And he downed her on his knee,
Saying, "Which do you like the best, my dear,
 Little Matthy Groves or me?"

On yonder rusty gallery?"

"Yes, I have brought your golden ball,
And come to set you free;

I have not come to see you hanged
On yonder rusty gallery."

II.

The Hangman's Tree.

Communicated by Professor Belden. Sent in by Mr. E. E. Chiles of the Soldan High School, St. Louis, as remembered by his wife from the singing of a housemaid, Elsie Ditch, on a farm near Plattin, Mo., in 1900. This agrees with Miss Wyman's text (and some others) in making the victim a man, and the rescuer his sweetheart.



1. "Hangman, dear hangman, do up your rope
For just a little while;
For yonder comes my father dear,
Who's travelled many a mile.
2. "Father, dear father, have you brought me the gold?
Have you come to buy me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Upon the gallows tree?"
3. "Son, dear son, I've brought no gold,
Nor come to buy you free,
But I have come to see you hung
Upon the gallows tree."

And so on through mother, sister, brother, until his sweetheart comes:

4. "Hangman, dear hangman, do up your rope
For just a little while;
For yonder comes my sweetheart dear,
Who's travelled many a mile.
5. "Sweetheart, dear sweetheart, have you brought the gold?
Have you come to buy me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Upon the gallows tree?"
6. "Sweetheart, dear sweetheart, I've brought the gold,
I've come to buy you free;
I have not come to see you hung
Upon the gallows tree."

III.

Hangman Song.

Communicated by Professor W. M. Hart, 1915. From Mrs. Ellen Crowder, mountains of western North Carolina (see p. 306,¹ above).

1. "O hangman, O hangman, just wait awhile,
Just wait a little while!
I believe I see my dear father;
He's travelled for many a mile.
2. "O father, O father, have ye brought me your gold?
Or have ye bought me free?
Or have ye come to see me hung
All on that lonesome tree?"
3. "O daughter, O daughter, I've not brought you my gold,
And I've not bought you free,
For I have come to see you hung
All on that lonesome tree."

(Similar verses for mother, brother, and sister.)

10. "O hangman, O hangman, just wait a while,
Just wait a little while!
I believe I see my true lover;
He's travelled for many a mile.
11. "O sweetheart, O sweetheart, have ye brought me your gold?
Or have ye bought me free?
Or have ye come to see me hung
All on that lonesome tree?"
12. "O sweetheart, O sweetheart, I've brought you my gold
And I have bought you free,
For I've not come to see you hung
All on that lonesome tree."

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON (Child, No. 105).

Child had a copy from Indiana ("received from an Irish lady," 2 : 426) which he did not print, as being from a broadside partly made over by secondary tradition.² Copies are reported from Virginia (Bulletin of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, No. 4, pp. 7-8), Kentucky (Shearin and Coombs, p. 8; ³ letter from Professor E. C. Perrow, Feb.

¹ The woman who sang this had been taught that the maiden was to be hanged for the theft of a golden cup.

² It is preserved among the Child MSS. (xviii, 31, article 10) in the Harvard College Library.

³ Compare Shearin, *Modern Language Review*, 6 : 514; *Sewanee Review* for July, 1911.

(J. Bebbington, Manchester). These broadsides are all alike, corresponding to Child's version Ca (Pitts). Closely similar are copies from recent singing in England, a number of which are noted by Child, (5 : 137-138); see also Broadwood and Fuller Maitland, "English County Songs," pp. 182-183; Baring-Gould and Sheppard, "Songs of the West," No. 64, 3 : 24-25;¹ "Journal of Folk-Song Society," 1 : 104-105; 2 : 244; Sharp, "One Hundred English Folksongs," No. 14, pp. xxiii, 36-37.² Greig's variant, however, in "Folk-Song of the North-East," cxvi, belongs under Child's B. Ashton's copy, in "Real Sailor Songs," No. 75, is Child's A.

The Merry Golden Tree.

Communicated by Professor Belden, 1916. From Mrs. Eva Warner Case, from memory, with the assistance of her mother and grandmother, as sung in Harrison County, Missouri.³ This copy is noteworthy because of the poetical justice offered in the concluding stanza, which distinguishes it from all versions heretofore recorded.⁴ The text belongs in general to version C, but it has a special touch of its own: —

Down went the vessel and down went the crew,
And down to join the cabin-boy went the captain too!

Finis coronat opus!

1. "O captain, dear captain, what will you give to me,
If I'll sink for you that ship called the Merry Golden Tree,
As she sails in the Lowlands lonesome low,
As she sails in the Lowlands low?"
2. "It's I will give you money and I will give you fee;
I have a lovely daughter I will marry unto thee,
If you'll sink her in the Lowlands lonesome low,
If you'll sink her in the Lowlands low."
3. He bent upon his breast and out swam he;
He swam until he came to the Merry Golden Tree,
As she sailed in the Lowlands lonesome low,
As she sailed in the Lowlands low.
4. He took with him an auger well fitted for the use,
And he bored nine holes in the bottom of the sloop,
As she sailed in the Lowlands lonesome low,
As she sailed in the Lowlands low.

¹ Reprinted sumptuously. New York, 1899 ("The Golden Vanity and The Green Bed"), with colored illustrations.

² Compare Masefield, *A Sailor's Garland*, pp. 149-152.

³ See p. 322.

⁴ Compare Child's remarks on his versions B and C as distinguished from version A (5 : 136).

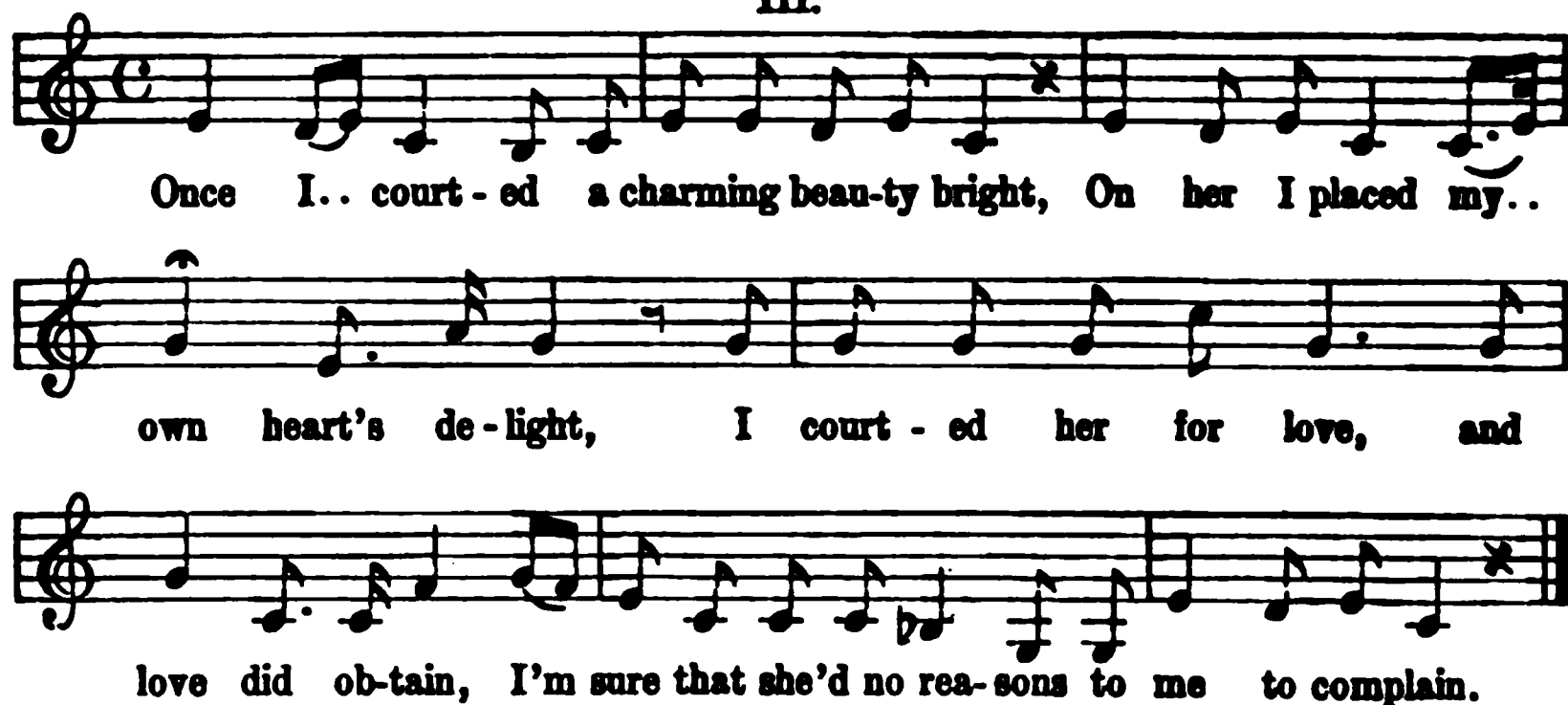
5. He bent upon his breast and back swam he;
He swam until he came to the Turkish Revelry,
As she sailed in the Lowlands lonesome low,
As she sailed in the Lowlands low.
6. "Captain, O captain, take me up on board;
For if you don't, you've surely broke your word,
For I've sunk her in the Lowlands lonesome low,
For I've sunk her in the Lowlands low."
7. "It's I'll neither give you money, now will I give you fee,
Nor yet my lovely daughter will I marry unto thee,
You may sink in the Lowlands lonesome low,
You may sink in the Lowlands low."
8. He bent upon his breast and down sank he
Right alongside of the Turkish Revelry,
And he sunk her in the Lowlands lonesome low,
And he sunk her in the Lowlands low.
9. Down went the vessel, and down went the crew,
And down to join the cabin-boy went the captain too,
And sunk in the Lowlands lonesome low,
And sunk in the Lowlands low.

CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW (Child, No. 287).

Barry reprinted "Captain Ward" in this *Journal* (18 : 137-138) from a Boston Broadside ("Captain Ward, the Pirate") of the early nineteenth century (N. Coverly, Jr.). A fragment from Michigan contributed by Dr. Alma Blount (JAFL 25 : 177-178) sticks in some points more closely than Coverly to the black-letter text. The ballad was also issued as a broadside in Boston about 1825 ("Cor. of Cross and Tilton sts.": Harvard College, 25242.5.5 [125], p. 9) and in a chapbook ("Captain Ward and the Rainbow," etc.) in Philadelphia by R. Swift, about 1820-30 (25276.43.81). It is included in "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 41-44; the same (Philadelphia and New York, Turner & Fisher), pp. 200-203; and "The Pearl Songster," 1846 (New York, C. P. Huestis), pp. 136-139 (Brown University).

The Harvard College Library has two eighteenth-century broadsides of this ballad, — 25242.5.5 (176) (Pitts); 25242.23, p. 11, — also H. P. Such's broadside, No. 501, "Ward the Pirate" (25242.26, p. 54). See also Greig, "Folk-Song of the North-East," cxiv, cxvii, cxxviii; Ashton, "Real Sailor Songs," No. 3; Kidson, "Traditional Tunes," p. 99; Barrett, "English Folk-Songs," No. 36, pp. 62-63; "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," 2 : 163-164.

III.



Once I.. court - ed a charming beau-ty bright, On her I placed my..

own heart's de-light, I court - ed her for love, and

love did ob-tain, I'm sure that she'd no rea-sons to me to complain.

1. Once I courted a charming beauty bright,
And on her I placèd my own heart's delight;
I courted her for love, and love I did obtain;
I'm sure that she had no reasons to me to complain.
2. Her old parents were against it, they came this for to know,
They strove to part us both by day and by night;
They locked her all in her chamber and kept her concealed,
And I never got a sight of my love any more.
3. One day to the window she was forcèd to go,
To see if her true love endured yet or no;
He lifted up his head with his eyes shining bright,
For his only thoughts were of his heart's delight.
4. And then to the army he was forced to go;
Seven years he served there; in seven years he returned back again;
And when her old mother saw him coming, she wrung her hands and cried,
Saying, "O once my daughter loved you and for your sake has died."
5. Then he was taken like a man going to be slain,
And the tears fell from his eyes like big drops of rain,
Saying, "O where be her grave? O I wish mine were there too!"
.....

THE DILLY SONG.

"The Dilly Song" was discussed in a learned paper by Mr. Newell in 1891, — "The Carol of the Twelve Numbers" (JAFL 4 : 215-220). He gives two texts, one from Massachusetts and one from New York, the latter coming from certain Cornish miners. Compare Barry, No. 68 ("The Twelve Apostles"); Shearin and Coombs, p. 34 (text printed).

For British tradition see Robert Chambers, "Popular Rhymes of Scotland" (1870), pp. 44-47 (Buchan's MS.) (ed. 1842, pp. 50-51); Mrs. Gutch, "County Folk-Lore," 6 (East Riding of Yorkshire

[Folk-Lore Society]] : 183-184; S. O. Addy, "Household Tales with other Traditional Remains" (1896), pp. 148-151; Baring-Gould and Sheppard, "Songs of the West," pp. 52-53; Baring-Gould, "A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes," pp. 62-64, No. 50; M. E. G., "The Old Nursery Rhymes, or The Merrie Heart" (5th ed.), pp. 179-182; Broadwood and Fuller Maitland, "English County Songs," pp. 154-159 ("The Twelve Apostles"); Charles Kent, "The Land of the Babes in the Wood" (1910), pp. 77-79; "Notes and Queries," 1st series, 9: 325; 4th series, 2: 324, 452, 599-600; 3: 90; 10: 412-413, 499-500; 6th series, 12: 484-485; 7th series, 1: 96 (cf. 118-119, 206), 315-316, 413-414 (cf. 7: 264, 438, 495); 11th series, 9: 250; Andrew Lang, "Longman's Magazine," 13: 327-330 (cf. 439-441, 556-557); W. H. Long, "Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect," pp. 152-154; Sharp, "One Hundred English Folksongs," No. 97, pp. xlii-xliv, 226-229 ("The Ten Commandments"); Lina Eckstein, "Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes," pp. 152 *et seq.*

The version printed below, though it stops with *seven*, shows many points of interest, particularly in its odd changes at the hands of tradition.

Come and I Will Sing You; or, The Dilly Song.

From Miss Loraine Wyman, as sung by L. E. Meece, 1916, Pulaski County, Kentucky. As to the tune, Miss Wyman writes that there "are slight melodic changes" for each stanza.



"Oh, come and I will sing you." "What will you sing me?"



"I will sing a one." "And what shall be your one?"



"One of them is one that sings, 'It's hard to be a-lone.'"

1. "Come and I will sing you."
 "What will you sing me?"
 "I will sing you a one."
 "And what shall be your one?"
 "One of them is one that sings
 'It's hard to be alone.'"
2. "I will sing you a two."
 "And what shall be your two?"

"Two are the little old babes,
Dressed all in green,
And one of them is one that sings
'It's hard to be alone.'"

3. "I will sing you a three."
"And what shall be your three?"
"Three of them are drivers;
Two of them are little old babes
Dressed all in green,
And one of them is one that sings
'It's hard to be alone.'"
4. "I will sing you a four."
"And what shall be your four?"
"Four are the gospel-makers;
Three of them are drivers;
Two are the little old babes
Dressed all in green,
And one of them is one that sings
'It's hard to be alone.'"
5. "I will sing you a five."
"And what shall be your five?"
Five are the shining stars;
Four are the gospel makers;
Three of them are drivers;
Two of them are the little old babes
Dressed all in green,
And one of them is one that sings
'It's hard to be alone.'"
6. "I will sing you a six."
"And what shall be your six?"
"Six of them disciples;
Five are the shining stars;
Four are the gospel-makers;
Three of them are drivers;
Two are the little old babes
Dressed all in green,
And one of them is one that sings
'It's hard to be alone.'"
7. "I will sing you a seven."
"And what shall be your seven?"
"Seven to seven went to heaven;
Six of them disciples;
Five are the shining stars;
Four are the gospel-makers;
Three of them are drivers;
Two are the little old babes
Dressed all in green,
And one of them is one that sings
'It's hard to be alone.'"

THE DROWSY SLEEPER.

"The Drowsy Sleeper" was printed in this Journal in 1907¹ from a copy collected by Miss Pettit in Kentucky (20 : 260-261), and attention was called to its connection with a Nithsdale song given in part by Allan Cunningham in his edition of Burns, 1834 (4 : 285), as well as with a Sussex song and a Catnach broadside. In 1908 Belden printed three versions, two from Missouri and one from Arkansas, in Herrig's "Archiv," 119: 430-431. Other copies have since come in; and these are worth publishing, not only because of the literary relations of the piece, but also because of the curious varieties in which it occurs and its mixture with other songs.

The English song published by Sharp under the title of "Arise, Arise" ("Folk-Songs from Somerset," No. 99, 4 : 56-57; "One Hundred English Folksongs," No. 47, pp. 106-107), is related to "The Drowsy Sleeper." Stanza 1 (Sharp) corresponds to stanza 1 of version III (p. 341, below); stanza 2, to stanzas 3 and 4; stanza 3, to stanza 5; Sharp's stanza 5 resembles Miss Wyman's stanza 8 (p. 340, below), and his eighth stanza agrees with the last stanza of Belden's version II ("Archiv," 119: 431). Sharp's version agrees pretty closely with the Catnach broadside entitled "The Drowsy Sleeper" (Harvard College, 25242.2, fol. 172). See also "Journal of Folk-Song Society," 1 : 269-270 ("O who is that that raps at my window?").

The conclusion of versions IV and V (below) shows admixture of "The Silver Dagger;"² and this is true also of a broadside text of "The Drowsy Sleeper," published by H. J. Wehman, New York (No. 518, "Who's at My Bedroom Window?" Harvard College Library).

I.

The Drowsy Sleeper.

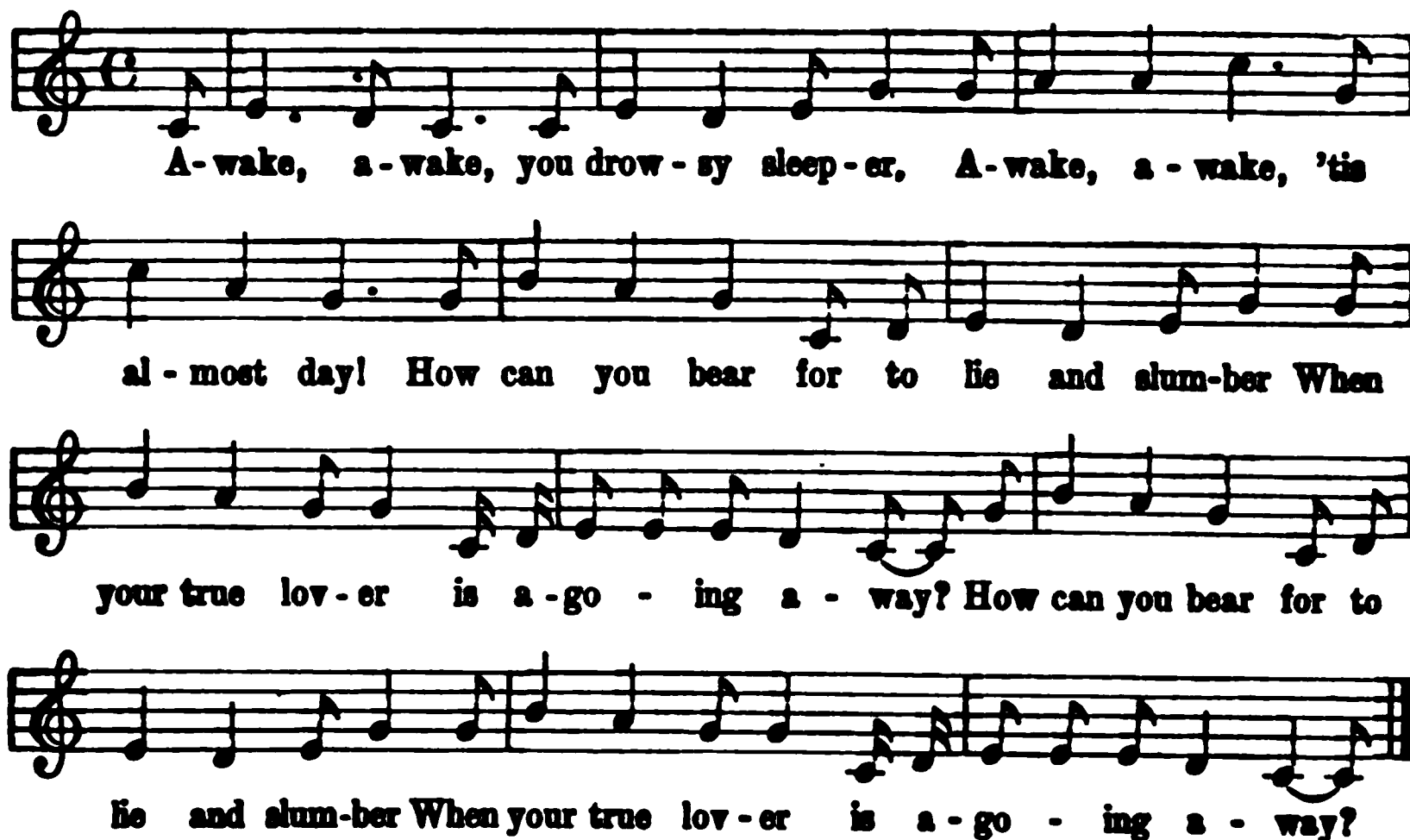
Communicated by Professor Belden, 1916. From Mrs. Eva Warner Case, as written down from memory, with the assistance of her mother and grandmother (Harrison County, Missouri).³ This is very similar to the third version published by Belden in Herrig's "Archiv" (119 : 431).⁴

¹ Compare Shearin and Coombs, p. 23 ("Bedroom Window"); Belden, No. 18; Barry, No. 37.

² See p. 361, below. Belden has two variants which show this same admixture.

³ See p. 322, above.

⁴ Belden notes that the last four stanzas of his third version (which correspond to the last four of Mrs. Case's) do not properly belong to this song. For Case, stanza 5, cf. JAFL 29 : 183-184; Belden, No. 88; Shearin and Coombs, p. 26; Wyman and Brockway, Lonesome Tunes, 1 : 57; McGill, Folk-Songs from the Kentucky Mountains, p. 23. For stanzas 4, 7, cf. "The Butcher's Boy" (Tolman, JAFL 29 : 169-170, stanzas 5, 8).



A-wake, a-wake, you drow-sy sleep-er, A-wake, a-wake, 'tis
al-most day! How can you bear for to lie and slum-ber When
your true lov-er is a-go-ing a-way? How can you bear for to
lie and slum-ber When your true lov-er is a-go-ing a-way?

1. "Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper,
Awake, awake, 'tis almost day!
How can you bear for to lie and slumber
When your true lover is going away?
How can you bear for to lie and slumber
When your true lover is going away?"
2. "Go way, go way, you'll wake my mother,
And that will be sad news for me;
You must go way and court some other,
For she is all the world to me.
You must, etc.
3. "Go way, go way, you'll wake my father;
He now lies on his bed of rest,
And in his hand he holds a dagger
For to kill the one that I love best.
And in his hand, etc.
4. "Go fetch to me both pen and paper,
That I may set me down and write.
I'll tell you of the grief and sorrow
That trouble me both day and night.
I'll tell you, etc.
5. "I wish I were a little swallow,
Or else some lonesome turtle dove;
I'd fly away over hills of sorrow
And light upon some land of love,
I'd fly away, etc.
6. "In yonder field go stick an arrow:
I wish the same was in my breast;
I'd bid adieu to sin and sorrow,
And my poor soul would be at rest.
I'd bid adieu, etc.

7. "Go dig my grave in yonder meadow;
Place marble stones at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show the world that I died for love,
And on my breast," etc.

II.

The Drowsy Sleeper.

From Miss Loraine Wyman, 1916, as sung by Mary Ann Bagley,
Pine Mountain, Kentucky, May, 1916.

1. "Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper;
Awake, arise, it's almost day.
How can you bear to sleep and slumber,
When your old true love is going away?"
2. "Who's this, who's this at my bedroom window,
That calls for me so earnestly?"
"Lie low, lie low; it's your own true lover:
Awake, arise, and go with me."
3. "Go, love, go and ask your mother
If you my bride can ever be;
If she says no, come back and tell me,
It's the very last time I'll trouble thee."
4. "I dare not go and ask my mother,
Or let her know you are so near;
For in her hand she holds a letter
Against the one I love so dear."
5. "Go, love, go and ask your father
If you my bride can ever be;
If he says no, come back and tell me,
It's the very last time I'll trouble you."
6. "I dare not go and ask my father,
For he lies on his bed of rest,
And by his side lies a deadly weapon
To kill the one that I love best."
7. "I'll set my boat for some distant river,
And I will sail from side to side;
I'll eat nothing but weeping willows
And I'll drink nothing but my tears."
8. "Come back, come back, O distracted lover!
Come back, come back," said she;
"I'll forsake my father and mother
And I will run away with thee."

9. "O Mary, loving Mary, you've almost broke my heart;
You caused me to shed many a tear;
From South Carolina to Pennsylvania
My weeks and years with you I'll spend."

III.

The Drowsy Sleeper.

From Professor Louise Pound, 1916. "Brought to Nebraska in a manuscript book of ballads from Indiana, the property of Edna Fulton of Havelock, Nebraska."

1. "Arouse, arouse, ye drowsy sleepers;
Arouse, arouse, 'tis almost day:
Open your door, your dining-room window,
And hear what your true lover say."
2. "What is this that comes under my window,
A-speaking to me thus speedily?"
"It is your Jimmy, your own true Jimmy,
A-waiting to speak one word with thee."
3. "Go away from my window; you'll waken my father,
For he's taking of his rest;
Under his pillow there lies a wepon,
To pierce the man that I love best."
4. "Go away from my window; you'll waken my mother,
For tales of war she will not hear;
Go away and court some other,
Or whisper lowly in my ear."
5. "I won't go away and court any other,
For here I do no harm;
I only want you from your own dear mother,
To wrap you in your lover's arms."
6. "I wish I was down in some lonesome valey,
Where I could neather see nor hear:
My food it should be grief and sorrow,
My drink it would be the briny tear."
7. "Down in a valley there lies a sharp arrow:
I wish I had it across my breast;
It would cut off all grief and sorrow
And lay this troubled heart to rest."

IV.

From Dr. Alma Blount of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich., March 12, 1914, as learned (about fifteen years before) by Miss Myrtle Stalker of Cheboygan, Mich., from a maid in the family, thought to be Irish.

1. "Ah, Mary dear, go ask your mother
If you my wedded wife can be;

- If she says no, return and tell me,
And I'll no longer trouble thee."
2. "I dare not go and ask my mother,
For she is bound to set us free;
So, Willie dear, go seek another —
There's prettier girls in the world than me."
3. "Ah, Mary dear, go ask your father
If you my wedded wife can be;
If he says no, return and tell me,
And I'll no longer trouble thee."
4. "I dare not go and ask my father,
For he is on his bed of rest,
And beside him lies the silver dagger,
To pierce the heart that I love best."
5. So Willie took the silver dagger
And pierced it through his aching heart,
Saying, "Adieu, adieu to you, kind Mary;
Adieu, adieu, now we must part."
6. So Mary took the bloody dagger
And pierced it through her snow-white breast,
Saying, "Adieu, adieu, to you, cruel parents;
Adieu, adieu — I died for love."

V.

Willie and Mary.

From Miss Pound. "Reported by Mrs. I. E. Diehl (a Nebraskan) of Robinson, Utah." Compare Pound, Syllabus, pp. 18-19.

1. "Oh who is at my bedroom window?
Who weeps and sighs so bitterly?"
.
.
2. "O Mary dear, go ask your mother
If you my wedded bride may be;
And if she says nay, then come and tell me,
And I no more will trouble thee."
3. "O Willie dear, I dare not ask her,
For she lies on her bed of rest;
And by her side there lies another"
.
4. "O Mary dear, go ask your father
If you my wedded bride may be;
And if he says nay, then come and tell me,
And I no more will trouble thee."
5. "O Willie dear, I dare not ask him,
For he is on his bed of rest,
And by his side there lies a dagger,
To pierce the one that I love best."

1. One morning, fair morning, one morning in May,
I spied a fair damsel a-raking of hay;
I walked up to her and made a congee,
And asked her pardon for making so free.
2. "Polly, pretty Polly, will you take it unkind
If I come and sit by you and tell you my mind?
Polly, pretty Polly, will you take it amiss
If I come and sit by you and give you a kiss?"
3.
.
She hanged down her head and fetched a long groan,
And said, "I'm a poor girl afar away from home.
4. "Meetings for pleasure, partings in grief,
But an onconstant loveyer is worse than a thief;
A thief can but rob you of all that you have,
But an onconstant loveyer will tote you to your grave."¹

For comparison the first two stanzas of the Pitts broadside version, "The Happy Stranger," are appended. The "congee" (not in Pitts) appears in Christie's version.

1. As I was a walking one morning in spring,
To hear the birds whistle and nightingales sing
I heard a young damsel making her moan,
Says I am a stranger and far from my home.
2. I stepped up to her and bending my knee,
And asked her pardon for making so free,
I take pity on you by hearing your moan
For I am a stranger and far from my home.²

The following ditty is given as an interesting example of the way in which folk-song behaves. It cannot be called, obviously, a version of "The Forsaken Girl," but it has a touch of that song in the second stanza.

Down in the Valley.

Communicated by Professor Belden. Sent to him by Miss Goldy M. Hamilton, who had it from Frank Jones, West Plains High School, Missouri, 1909-10.

1. Down in the valley, valley so low,
Late in the evening, hear the train blow;

¹ For this last stanza see "The Unconstant Lovier," in Unsworth's *Burnt Cork Lyrics* (New York, cop. 1859), p. 39.

² Pitts slip, Harvard College, 25242.2, fol. 114.

The train, love, hear the train blow;
Late in the evening, hear the train blow.

2. Go build me a mansion, build it so high,
So I can see my true love go by,
See her go by, love, see her go by,
So I can see my true love go by.
3. Go write me a letter, send it by mail;
Bake it and stamp it to the Birmingham jail,
Birmingham jail, love, to the Birmingham jail,
Bake it and stamp it to the Birmingham jail.
4. Roses are red, love, violets are blue;
God and his angels know I love you,
Know I love you, know I love you,
God and his angels know I love you.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN.

A rather confused version of four stanzas may be found in "The Songster's Museum; or A Trip to Elysium, Northampton, Mass." (1803), pp. 111-112 (Boston Public Library). There is a better text (six stanzas) in "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish, *ca.* 1840), pp. 80-81.¹ A good copy occurs in a Boston broadside of about 1830 in the Harvard College Library, 25242.5.13 F (282).² A fragment of the piece has become combined with "The Wagoner's Lad" (JAFL 20 : 269).

For English versions see Broadwood and Fuller Maitland, "English County Songs," pp. 136-137 ("Faithful Emma"); "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," 1 : 122-123; 4 : 310-319. Compare "Streams of Lovely Nancy."³

On Yonder High Mountain.

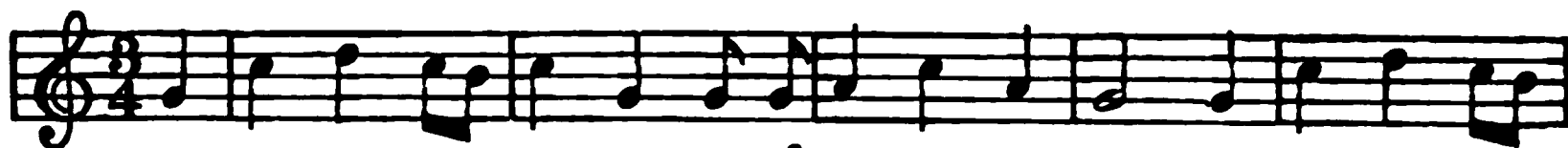
Communicated by Professor Angelo Hall of Annapolis, 1914, as sung by his aunt, Mrs. Elmina Cooley, who died twenty years before. Mrs. Cooley got the song from her father, Theophilus Stickney, before 1833. He was born in Jaffrey, N.H., in 1814, and belonged to the Stickney family of Rowley, Mass.⁴

¹ This copy was noted by Barry. See also *The Forget Me Not Songster* (Philadelphia and New York, Turner & Fisher, *ca.* 1840), pp. 15-16.

² "Sold Wholesale and Retail, corner of Cross and Fulton sts., Boston."

³ For this see JAFL 20 : 268, and add the following Harvard broadsides: 25242.4, ii, 50 (Pitts, early); 25242.26, p. 34 (H. Such); 25242.17, v, 160 (Catnach); same, x, 137.

⁴ This text, with the tune, is printed (all except the fourth stanza) in *An Astronomer's Wife, the Biography of Angeline Hall*, by her son, Angelo Hall (Baltimore, 1908), p. 18, from which the air is here reprinted.



On yon - der high mountain there a cas - tle doth stand, All decked in green



i - vy from the top to the strand; Fine arch - es, fine porch - es, and the



limestone so white; 'Tis a guide for the sail - or in the dark stormy night.

1. On yonder high mountain there the castle doth stand,
All decked in green ivy from the top to the strand (or stern);
Fine arches, fine porches, and the limestone so white:
'Tis a guide for the sailor in the dark, stormy night.
2. 'Tis a landscape of pleasure, 'tis a garden of green,
And the fairest of flowers that ever was seen.
Fine (or for) hunting, fine fishing, and fine fowling also —
The fairest of flowers on this mountain doth grow.
3. At the foot of this mountain there the ocean doth flow,
And ships from the East Indies to the Westward do go,
With the red flags a'flying and the beating of drums,
Sweet instruments of music and the firing of guns.
4. Had Polly proved loyal, I'd have made her my bride,
But her mind being inconstant it ran like the tide.
Like a ship on the ocean that is tossed to and fro
Some angel direct me! Oh, where shall I go!
5. Had Polly proved loyal, I'd have made her my bride,
But her mind being inconstant it ran like the tide.
The king can but love her, and I do the same.
I'll crown her my jewel and be her true swain.

IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES.

(Ballad of the Three.)

To the American versions recorded in this Journal (29 : 167) ¹ should be added a text sent to "Notes and Queries" from Philadelphia in 1868 (4th series, 2 : 569) in reply to a request (1 : 389); it begins, "In good old colony times." In the same place is printed an English version in four stanzas, beginning, —

King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a mighty king.

¹ Belden has two copies from Missouri. Neither begins with the characteristically American "In good old colony days" (but one lacks the first stanza).

1. To meeting, to meeting, to meeting goes I,
To meet loving Susan, she's a-coming by-and-by;
To meet her in the meadow it's all my delight,
I can walk and talk with her from morning till night.
2. For meeting is a comfort and parting is a grief;
An inconstant true love is worse than a thief:
A thief will only rob you and take what you have,
But an inconstant true love will bring you to your grave.
3. Your grave it will rot you and turn you into dust,
And there's not one in twenty you'll dare for to trust;
They'll kiss a poor maiden, and it's all to deceive,
And there's not one in five hundred you'll dare to believe.
4. Come, young men and maidens, take warning by me:
Never place your affections on a green willow tree;
The top it will wither, and the roots they will rot,
And if I'm forsaken, I know I'm not forgot.
5. If I am forsaken, I am not forsworn;
And you're badly mistaken if you think I do mourn;
I'll dress myself up in some high degree,
And I'll pass as light by him as he does by me.

Miss McGill publishes a version of this song ("The Cuckoo"), with two tunes, in her "Folk-Songs from the Kentucky Mountains," pp. 34-38. The concluding stanza in her text is, —

Cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings, and tells us no lies;
She sucks all sweet flowers to keep her voice clear,
She never cries "Cuckoo" till spring of the year.

This stanza occurs in Miss Wyman's version of "The Wagoner's Lad," "Lonesome Tunes," 1 : 64 ("Loving Nancy").¹ Shearin and Coombs, p. 24, record a version of "Cuckoo" which resembles Miss McGill's.²

Belden has a Missouri version ("Sweet William") that runs even with Miss Wyman's for the first five stanzas, but ends with the cuckoo. Stanzas 5 and 6 are as follows: —

5. If he has forsaken, why, I have forsworn,
And he is very much mistaken if he thinks I will mourn;
I'll dress up in my finery and go out for to see,
I'll pass as lightly by him as he can pass by me.

¹ Big Laurel Creek, Pine Mountain, Kentucky.

² Compare F. C. Brown, p. 12; Notes and Queries, 1st series, 10 : 524 (query from Philadelphia); Barry, No. 84.

Forsaken.

1. Come all ye pretty fair maids take warning by me,
 Never place your affection on a sycamore tree,
 For the leaves they will wither, and the balls they will dust,
 There ain't one boy in a thousand that a poor girl can trust.

Chorus.

Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken by one!
 Never place your affection on a poor boy so free;
 He's out on the water, he'll sink or he'll swim;
 If he can live without me, I can live without him.

2. Come all ye pretty fair maids, take warning by me,
 Never place your affections on a poor boy so free;
 He'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies
 Than the sands of the seashore or the stars of the skies.

THE INQUISITIVE LOVER.

This interesting song, collected by Miss Loraine Wyman in Kentucky, is a curious variant of a black-letter "ballad" of the seventeenth century preserved in the Roxburghe, Pepys, and other collections ("Roxburghe Ballads," ed. Ebsworth, 7 : 295-296): "The Young Man's Resolution to the Maiden's Request." The original consists of ten stanzas. For similar pieces see Ebsworth, "Roxburghe Ballads," 7 : 297-299, 341; "Bagford Ballads," 2 : 534-535. Many parallels to the impossible contingencies that make the humor of these songs are cited by Child (1 : 437).

The Inquisitive Lover.

Communicated by Miss Loraine Wyman, as taken down in 1916 from the singing of L. E. Meece, Pulaski County, Kentucky.



As I walked through the pleas-ant grove, Not a-lone, as might have



been sup-pos-ed, I chanced to meet some friend of mine, Which



caus-ed me some time to tar-ry, And then at me she



did en-treat To tell her when I meant to mar-ry. "Sweet-



heart," said I, "if you must know, Go mark these words as I re-veal them."

1. As I walked through the pleasant grove,
Not alone, as might have been supposed,
I chanced to meet some friend of mine,
Which causèd me some time to tarry,
And then at me she did entreat
To tell her when I meant to marry.
2. "Sweetheart," said I, "if you must know,
Go mark these words as I reveal them;
So plainly print them on your mind,
And in your heart do you conceal them;
For of these things you may make no doubt,
And if of the same you will be weary;
So now I will begin to tell you
When I do intend to marry.
3. "When hot sunshiny weather won't dry up mire,
And fishes in green fields are feeding,
When man and horse the ocean plow,
And swans upon dry rocks are swimming;
When every city is pulled down,
Old English into France is carried,
When indigo dyes red and brown,
Then me and my true love will marry.
4. "When countrymen for judges sit,
And lemons fall in February,
When millers they their tolls forget,
Then me and my true love will marry;
When cockle shells lie in the streets,
No gold to them can be compared,
When gray goose wings turn to gold rings,
Then me and my true love will marry.

THE JOLLY THRESHERMAN.

This is a condensed *rifacimento* of a favorite seventeenth-century black-letter ballad found in the Roxburghe (3 : 308), Pepys (2 : 56; C. 22, fol. 157), and other collections (Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, 7 : 328-330): "The Noble-Man's Generous Kindness; or, The Country Man's Unexpected Happiness." The original has seventeen stanzas.

The ballad appears, practically unchanged, in a Newcastle broadside of the eighteenth century printed by Robert Marchbank, with the full title (Harvard College, 25242.31 PF);¹ also in a late eighteenth-century slip (without imprint) under the title of "My good old Lord Fauconbridge's generous gift,"² and under the title of "Generous Gift" in broadsides issued by Pitts (25242.2, fol. 139) and Catnach (the same, fol. 183). A copy, but slightly altered, occurs in Johnson's famous work, "The Scots Musical Museum," part iv (1792), pp. 384-385, No. 372 ("The Poor Thresher"); it is said by Stenhouse to have been contributed by Burns.³

The condensed version, substantially equivalent to that communicated by Professor Broadus (below), occurs in various modern broadsides, — "The Squire and Thrasher" (or the like), "printed for John Carrots" (Harvard College Library, 25242.17, ii, 25); Forth, Bridlington, No. 158 (same, iii, 184); Walker, Durham, No. 36 (same, vi, 79); J. O. Bebbington, Manchester, No. 318 (same, x, 66); H. P. Such, No. 556 (Child Broadside).

For recent oral tradition see Broadwood and Reynardson, "Sussex Songs," No. 14, pp. 28-29 ("The Nobleman and the Thresherman"); Broadwood and Fuller Maitland, "English County Songs," pp. 68-69 ("The Thresherman and the Squire"); "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," 1 : 79-80 ("The Thresherman and the Squire"); 2 : 198 ("The Jolly Thresherman"); 3 : 302-304 ("The Thresherman and the Squire").

The Jolly Thresherman.

Communicated by Mr. E. K. Broadus (now professor in the University of Alberta), Jan. 27, 1908. From Miss Rosalie M. Broadus of Alexandria, Va. Taken down from the singing of a Virginia woman aged about eighty-five.

1. As I was a-travelling all on a summer's day,
I met a jolly thresherman all on the highway;
With his flail all o'er his shoulder and a bottle full of beer,
He was happy as a squire with ten thousand a year.
2. Says I to this jolly thresherman, "And how do you do
To support your wife and children as well as you do?
Your family is so great and your wages are so small,
I scarce know how you do to maintain them at all."
3. "Sometimes I reap, and sometimes I mow;
A-hedging or a-ditching sometimes I do go.
Oh! there's nothing goes amiss with me, a wagon or a plow,
For I earn all my money by the sweat of my brow.

¹ From this it was printed by Dixon, *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Percy Society, 17 : 98-100 (Bell's edition [1846], *Ancient Poems, etc.*, pp. 148-151).

² Harvard College broadsides (1917, lot 10).

³ See Stenhouse's edition (1853), 2 : 384-385, and note (4 : 344).

4. "When I come in at night, wet and weary as I be,
The youngest of my children I dandle on my knee,
While the others they come round me with their sweet prattling noise:
Oh! that is the pleasure a poor man ejnoys."
5. "Well, since you are so kind and loving to your wife,
Here's a thousand acres of good land, I'll give it for your life;
And if I do see you are about to take good care,
I'll will it forever to you and your dear."

THE OLD MAID'S SONG.

A very pretty piece, three stanzas and a refrain, entitled "The Old Maid's Song," of which words and melody were collected by Miss Wyman and Mr. Brockway in Pulaski County, Kentucky, recently,¹ has been printed in their "Lonesome Tunes," 1 : 65-67. It runs as follows: —

The Old Maid's Song.

1. I had a sister Sally that was younger than I am,
She had so many sweethearts she was forced to deny them;
But as for my own part I never had many;
If you all knew my heart, I'd be thankful for any.

*Come a landsman, a pinsman, a tinker or a tailor,
A fiddler or a dancer, a ploughboy or a sailor,
A gentleman or a poor man, a fool or a witty,
Don't you let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity.*

2. I had a sister Susan that was ugly and ill-shapen,
Before she was sixteen years old she was taken;
Before she was eighteen, a son and a daughter;
Here I'm six-and-forty and never had an offer.
3. I never will be scolding and I never will be jealous,
My husband shall have money to go to the ale house,
And while he's there spending, I will be home saving,
And I leave it to the world if I'm not worth the having.

This song, now in active oral circulation, is a re-arrangement of certain stanzas of "The Wooing Maid," a ballad by the famous Martin Parker, which is preserved in a seventeenth-century broadside in the Roxburghe collection, 1 : 452-453 ("Roxburghe Ballads," ed. Chappell, 3 : 51-56).² The ballad is in two parts, — the first consisting of five stanzas, the second of nine. The following are the stanzas used in the Kentucky song (all from part ii).

¹ From the singing of Mr. L. E. Meece.

² Signed "M. P." "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the Hors-shoe in Smithfield." The ballad was entered in the Stationers' Register to Thomas Lambert, 1635-36 (Arber's Transcript, 4 : 366), as Chappell notes (3 : 678).

2. Sure I am unfortunate, of all my kindred,
Else could not my happiness be so long hindred:
My mother at eightene had two sons and a daughter,
And I'm one and twenty, not worth looking after.
3. My sister, that's nothing so handsome as I am,
Had sixe or seven suters, and she did deny them;
Yet she before sixteene was luckily marry'd:
O Fates! why are things so unequally carry'd?
4. My kinswoman Sisly, in all parts mis-shapen,
Yet she on a husband by fortune did happen
Before she was nineteene years old, at the furthest;
Among all my lineage am I the unworthiest? •
• • • • •
8. Ile neither be given to scold nor be jealous,
Here nere shall want money to drink with good fellows:
While he spends abroad, I at home will be saving,
Now judge, am not I a lasse well worth the having?
9. Let none be offended, nor say I'm uncivill,
For I needs must have one, be he good or evill :
Nay, rather then faile, Ile have a tinker or broomman,
A pedler, an inkman, a matman, or some man.
Come gentle, come simple, come foolish, come witty,
O let me not die a maid, take me for pittty.

The italicized lines are used as a refrain at the end of each four-line stanza.

A version similar to Miss Wyman's occurs in modern English broadsides: "The Love Sick Maid" (Pitts: Harvard College Library, 25242.28); "The Lovesick Maid" (Catnach: 25242.17, vii, 162). A different song, apparently founded on this (or directly on Parker) is "Don't Let Me Die a Maid" (Catnach, 25242.10.5, fol. 147; G. Jacques, Manchester: 25242.17, i, 102).

OXFORD CITY.

"Oxford City" is common in English broadsides, and is still sung in England. See the Harvard broadsides: 25242.2, fol. 260 ("The Newport Street Damsel," T. Batchelar, Moorfields); 25242.11.5, fol. 72 (= 25242.17, iv, 92; v, 227) ("Oxford City," J. Catnach); 25242.17, v, 48 (no imprint); same, x, 30 (probably Bebbington, Manchester, No. 280); xi, 50 (Such, No. 50; also a broadside printed by T. Birt (lot bought in March, 1916, p. 40). Compare "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," 2 : 157-158 ("Newport Street"); 2 : 200 ("Oxford City").

Oxford City.

Communicated in 1910 by Mr. F. C. Walker, among several pieces taken down by him in St. John, N.B., from the recitation of Mr. Robert Lane, who emigrated from England at a very early age. The songs "mainly descended to him from his mother, a native of Bristol." Mr. Walker noted the close resemblance of this piece to the Harvard broadsides.

1. It was of a fair maid in Oxford City,
And unto you the truth I'll tell;
She by a servantman was courted;
She sometimes told him she loved him well.
2. She loved him true but at a distance;
I fear she did not seem to be so fond.
He says, "My dear, I fear you slight me;
I fear you love some other one.
3. "And all for the sake of that true lover
I soon shall end your tender life."
He says, "My dear, why can't we marry
And at once put an end to all strife?
I'll work for you both late and early,
If you will be my wedded wife."
4. She says, "My dear, we're too young to marry,
Too young to claim our marriage bed;
And when we're married, we're bound forever,
And then, my dear, all joys are fled."
5. This fair maid she was invited,
Invited to a dance to go.
The wicked young man he quickly followed,
And he there prepared for her overthrow.
6. He saw her dancing with another,
And jealousy was in his mind.
How to destroy his own true lover
This false young man he was inclined.
7. When the dance it was all over,
He gave to her a glass of wine.
She drank it up, but, quickly after,
"Take me home, my dear," she cried.
8. "For the glass of wine you lately gave me,
It's made me very ill indeed."
9. As this young couple went home together,
He unto her these words did say:
"It was rank poison that I gave you in your liquor
For to take your tender life away.

10. "And I drank the same myself,
 So I shall die as well as you."
 And in each other's arms they died;
 So, young men, beware of jealousy.

POLLY VANN (MOLLY WHAN).

Jamieson founded his ballad of "Lord Kenneth and Fair Ellinour"¹ on his recollection of the story of "a silly ditty of a young man, who, returning homeward from shooting with his gun, saw his sweetheart, and *shot her for a swan*;" and, in circulating "Lord Kenneth" (as a printed sheet) among his friends in 1799, he prefixed a note to that effect, remarking that he had not been able to procure a copy. In 1803 he mentioned the ditty as "the tragic ballad of 'Peggie Baun'" in his list of desiderata in the "Scots Magazine," 65 : 700. In 1806 he was able to publish an incomplete text, "Peggy Baun," in his "Popular Ballads" (1 : 194) from the recitation of a maidservant. He apologized to his readers "for attempting to introduce such paltry stuff to their notice."

A slip issued by Pitts very early in the nineteenth century contains a variant under the style of "Molly Whan" (Harvard College, 25242.4, ii, 67); and almost the same text, similarly entitled, occurs in "The Lover's Harmony" (London, about 1840), p. 158.²

J. Andrews (38 Chatham Street, New York) published a text about 1857 in one of his broadsides (List 5, Song 50): "Polly von Luther and Jamie Randall" (Harris Collection, Brown University). Shearin and Coombs, p. 28, describe the ballad (from Kentucky) under the title of "Polly Vaughn."

Barry (JAFL 22 : 387) prints a four-stanza medley ("Mollie Bawn" or "At the Setting of the Sun") which contains four lines of the ballad. The song now in circulation in England, known to collectors as "The Shooting of his Dear," is a disordered form of the broadside. It may be found in Sharp and Marson, "Folk Songs from Somerset," No. 16, 1 : 32-33; "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," 2 : 59-60.

I.

Polly Vann.

Child MSS., Harvard College Library, ii, 107-108, in the hand of the late Mr. W. W. Newell. "From Mrs. Ellis Allen, West Newton, Mass., born in Scituate, now 89 years old." A similar text is printed in "Family Songs,"³ compiled by Rosa S. Allen (Medfield, Mass., 1899).

¹ Popular Ballads, 1 : 193-199.

² Issued in fifty numbers of eight pages each ("Pitts, Printer").

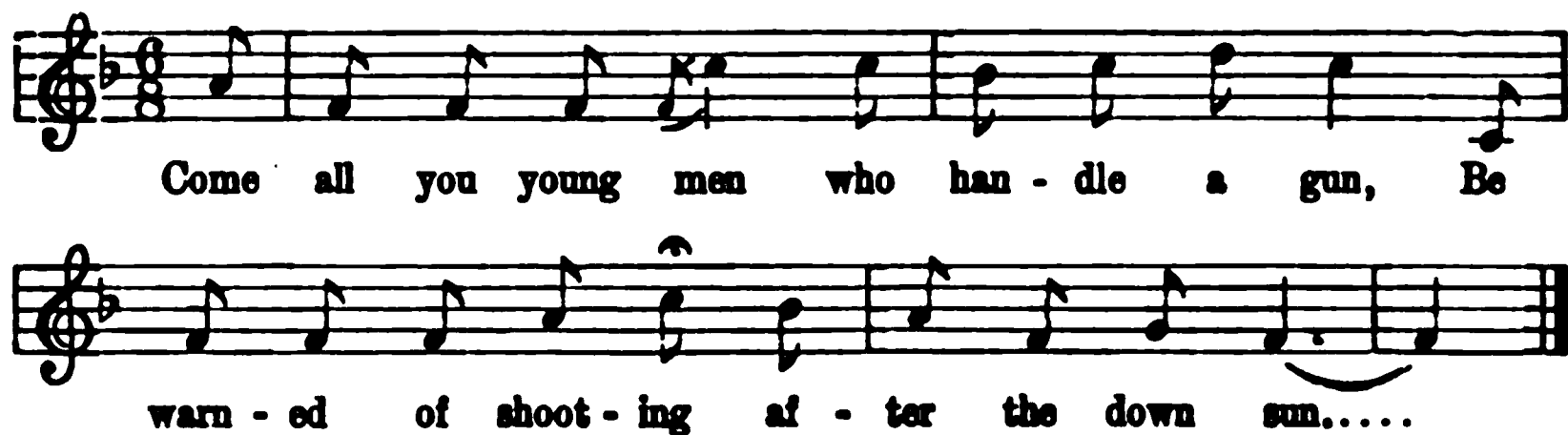
³ Compare Frank Smith, Dover Farms, pp. 28-29.

1. "Beware all ye huntsmen who follow the gun,
Beware of the shooting at the setting of the sun,
For I'd my apron about me, and he took me for a swan,
But O and alas! it was I, Polly Vann!"
2. He ran up to her when he found she was dead,
And a fountain of tears for his true love he shed.
3. He took her in his arms, and ran home, crying, "Father,
Dear father, I have shot Polly Vann.
I have shot that fair female in the bloom of her life,
And I always intended to have made her my wife."
4. One night to his chamber Polly Vann did appear,
Crying, "Jamie, dear Jamie, you have nothing to fear,
But stay in your own country till your trial comes on,
You shall never be condemned by the laws of the land."
5. In the height of his trial Polly Vann did appear,
Crying, "Uncle, dear uncle, Jamie Randall must be clear,
For I'd my apron about me, and he took me for a swan,
But O and alas! it was I, Polly Vann!"
6. The judges and lawyers stood round in a row,
Polly Vaun in the middle, like a fountain of snow.

II.

Mollie Bond.

From Miss Loraine Wyman, as sung by Lauda Whitt, McGoffin County, Kentucky, 1916.



1. Come all you young men who handle a gun,
Be warned of shooting after the down sun.
2. A story I'll tell you; it happened of late,
Concerning Mollie Bond, whose beauty was great.
3. Mollie Bond was out walking, and a shower came on;
She sat under a beech tree the showers to shun.
4. Jim Random was out hunting, a hunting in the dark;
He shot at his true love and missed not his mark.

5. With a white apron pinned around her he took her for a swan;
He shot and killed her, and it was Mollie Bond.
6. He ran to her; these words to her he said,
And a fountain of tears on her bosom he shed:
7. Saying, "Mollie, dear Mollie, you're the joy of my life;
I always intended to make you my wife."
8. Jim ran to his uncle with his gun in his hand,
Saying, "Uncle, dear uncle, I've killed Mollie Bond.
9. "With her apron pinned around her, I took her for a swan;
I shot and killed her, and it was Mollie Bond."
10. Up stepped his dear uncle with his locks all so gray,
Saying, "Stay at home, Jimmie, and do not run away.
11. "Stay in your own country till your trial comes on;
You shall not be molested if it costs me my farm."
12. The day of Jimmy's trial Mollie's ghost did appear,
Saying to this jury, "Jim Random, come clear!
13. "With my apron pinned around me he took me for a swan,
He shot and killed me, and now I am gone."

III.

Molly Bawn.

From Miss Wyman, as sung by Sallie Adams, Letcher County, Kentucky, May, 1916.

1. Jimmie Randall was a-hunting, a-hunting in the dark;
He shot at Molly Bawn O and he missed not his spot.
Molly Bawn O was a-walking when the shower came down;
She sat under a green tree the shower to shun;
With her apron pinned around her he took her for a swan;
He shot her and he killed her, it was poor Molly Bawn.
2. He runnèd up to her with his gun in his hand:
"Dear Molly, dear Molly, you're the joy of my life;
For I always intended to make you my wife."
He went to his old uncle with his locks all so gray:
"Dear uncle, dear uncle, I've killed Molly Bawn:
With her apron pinned around her I took her for a swan.
3. "I shot her, I killed her; it was poor Molly Bawn."
"Stay at home, Jimmie, and don't run away;
They never shall hang you, and I'll spend my whole farm."
On the day of Jimmie's trial young Molly did appear,
Saying, "Judges and jury, Jimmie Randall come clear!
With my apron pinned around me he took me for a swan,
And through his misfortune it was poor Molly Bawn."

municated by Professor Cox (from Mr. Edward C. Smith) corresponds to this ("The Warning Deaths"). Compare Shearin and Coombs, p. 27 ("Lovely Julia");¹ Belden, No. 22 (cf. JAFL 25 : 12-13);² Barry (JAFL 25 : 282, tune); Pound, pp. 17-18. For the occasional contamination of "The Silver Dagger" with "The Drowsy Sleeper" see pp. 342-343, above. The text printed below has three stanzas more than Miss Pettit's.

The Silver Dagger.

Communicated by Professor Belden, as received from Mrs. Eva Warner Case, Harrison County, Missouri.



Come young and old, and pay at - ten - tion To these few
lines I'm go - ing to write. They are as true as ev - er was
writ - ten Con - cern - ing a young and beau - ti - ful maid.

1. Come young and old, and pay attention
To these few lines I'm going to write.
They are as true as ever was written
Concerning a young and beautiful maid.
2. A young man courted a handsome lady;
He loved her as he loved his life,
And ofttimes he would make his vowings
To make her his long and wedded wife.
3. Now when his parents came to know this,
They strove to part them day and night,
Saying, "Son, O son, don't be so foolish,
For she's too poor to be your wife."
4. Young William down on his knees pleading,
Saying, "Father, father, pity me.
Don't keep me from my dearest Julia,
For she is all this world to me."
5. Now when this lady came to know this,
She soon resolved what she would do,
To wander forth and leave the city,
In the pleasant groves no more to roam.

¹ Compare p. 12 ("Rosanna"); Sewanee Review, July, 1911.

² Belden now has six variants.

8. The boy he thought 'twas no time to dispute,
So he leaped from the horse without fear or doubt;
The money from the lining of his coat he tore out,
And among the long grass he did strow it about.
9. The highwayman got down from his horse;
Little did he think it was to his loss;
For while he was picking all the money that was strowed,
The boy jumped on horseback and home he rode.
10. The highwayman shouted and bid him for to stand;
The boy didn't hear him, or wouldn't understand.
Home to his master he did bring
Horse, bridle, and saddle, and many a pretty thing.
11. The maid-servant saw John a-riding home;
To acquaint the master she went unto his room.
.
"What! have you a cow turned into a horse?"
12. "Oh, no! my good master; your cow I have sold,
But was robbed on the road by a highwayman bold.
While he was picking up all the money that was strowed,
I jumped on his horse's back and home I rode."
13. The farmer he did laugh while his sides he did hold:
"And as for a boy, you have been very bold;
And as for the villain, you have served him very right,
For you have put upon him a true Yorkshire bite."
14. (They overhaul the holsters and find great store of treasure, —
diamond rings, necklaces, bracelets, etc. The boy says, —)
- "I trow,
I think, my dear master, I've oversold your cow."

[This paper was all in type before the appearance of "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians comprising 122 Songs and Ballads and 323 Tunes collected by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp" (New York, Putnam, 1917). — G. L. K.]

Translations were equally numerous.¹ At the end of the twelfth century the "Disciplina Clericalis" was translated into French prose. In the thirteenth century there were two French-verse translations. From a lost French rendering in prose we have a Picard version of the beginning of the fourteenth century, a French version of the third quarter of the fifteenth century, and a Gascon version (earlier called Catalan) of the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century. Two fifteenth-century manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale contain a free rendering of four of Petrus's *exempla*, independent of the French prose rendering of the whole "Disciplina."² A prose translation was made by LeGrand d'Aussy.³ Steinhöwel translated parts of the "Disciplina" in his *Æsop*;⁴ and separate tales have occasionally been translated by others. An old Spanish translation, besides the "Libro de los enxemplos," was noted by Amador de los Rios.⁵ Gering mentions a fourteenth-century Icelandic rendering, now lost.⁶

Staats Realgymnasiums in Graz). No. xiii (pp. 28-30) is *De tribus sociis, duobus diuitibus et uno paupere*. The early part of the story is slow moving; but after the rustic eats the cake (a little before the middle of the prose version, about two-fifths from the end of the metrical version), the narrative is condensed, so that the two dreams occupy only a distich each. The final speech of the rustic, however, is greatly amplified. When he learns that his companions have "returned," he says, "I will tell you my dream: —

"Inprudens obdormieram; dum dormio uidi
 Maxima; quidquid id est, gloria uestra fuit.
 E uobis unus migravit in atria caeli,
 Illic angelicae constituere manus.
 E uobis reliquus baratri descendit ad ima:
 Quis neget, angelicas id potuisse manus?
 Haec equidem uidi nec spes fuit inde reuerti;
 Solus eram, dolui, fragmina panis edo.
 Disposui partes nec erat, qui tollere uellet;
 Solus eram, dolui, fragmina panis edo.
 Exul clamam, sed frustra clamo remotis;
 Solus eram, dolui, fragmina panis edo.
 Edi, quod superest; Mech perueniamus eundo.
 Aut cras aut hodie perficiemus iter." (vv. 61-74.)

¹ The most important references are in Chauvin, *l. c.* See also G. Paris, *Littérature française au moyen âge* (4th ed., 1909), p. 300.

² Compare Hilka-Söderhjelm, 2 : 54 and p. xiv. The Gascon version is edited by J. Ducamin (Toulouse, 1908).

³ *Fabliaux et Contes* (Paris, 1779; 3d ed., 1829): *Les deux bourgeois et le villain*, 2 : 393. LeGrand was translated into English by G. L. Way and G. Ellis (London, 1796-1800; new ed., 1815). German translation of LeGrand, Halle u. Leipzig, 1797. Douce made an Analysis of Petrus Alphonsus for Ellis, *Metrical Romances*, pp. 39 *et seq.*

⁴ See below, p. 391.

⁵ *Hist. crit. de la lit. espagnole*, 2 : 294 (No. 2); Chauvin, 9 : No. 22*.

⁶ Hugo Gering, *Islendzk Æventyri* (Halle, 1882), 1 : xii, and cf. 2 : 139. *Af tveimr burgelsum ok kotkarli* (1 : 192-194) is a modern translation (1690). The same story was

The earliest separate version of the "Three-Dreams" story that I have found is in elegiac couplets in a Vatican manuscript of the twelfth to thirteenth centuries.¹ From the point of view of style and narrative technic, it is the most remarkable, not to say astonishing, of all the versions. The author was something of a humanist, but hardly, one may suppose, a story-teller by native gifts. There is no direct evidence that he drew from the work of Petrus. He may have known it through oral tradition; for, in showing that Jacques de Vitry did not make use of Petrus as a source, Goswin Frenken has pointed out how the tales of the "Disciplina Clericalis" became current among the folk very early.² The story begins, —

Consocii, quid? — Iter rapiamus. — Quid placet? — Ire
Ad sacra. — Quando? — Modo. — Prope. — Fiat ita.
Addatis peram lateri. — Ecce. — Crucem scapulo. — Ecce.
— Et baculum manibus. — Ecce. — Venite, bene est.
Imo male est. — Quid abest? — Expensa. — Quid ergo
In gremio portas? — Ecce tot. — Hoc nihil est.
Ohe! moram facimus; jam sol declinat; eundum est
Quam citius; procul est urbs; stimulate gradus.
Sed quis ad hospitium prior ibit? — Si placet, ibo.
— Sed placet; ergo præi, plus pede namque potes;
Fert bene. Præcedit solus; soli remanemus,
Jamque referre licet quidquid utrique libet.

The rustic comes back with only a little food; and all three make the usual pact.

Sed sint urbani cum semper in urbe dolosi,
Suspikor in sociis non nihil esse doli,

comments the peasant to himself —

Tutius est etenim ventris sedare furorem
Et remove famem quam retinere fidem.

Then the first *urbanus* tells his dream of beholding the signs of the zodiac, the motions, cycles, and epicycles of the spheres, and the whiteness of the moon, —

Singula quid numerem? Sed singula quis numerabit?
Ut breviter dicam, non rediturus eram.

translated, under the title "Underliga drömmar," from *Isl. Ævent.*, by Gustaf Cederschiöld ("Medeltidsberättelser," in *Nyare Bidrag till Kännedom om de Svenska Landsmålen*, V: 6: 53-54).

¹ MS. 344 of the Library of Queen Christina. Published by Wattenbach in *Anzeiger für Kunde der deutschen Vorzeit*, 1875, col. 343; and by Hauréau in *Notices et extraits*, 29 (part 2): 324. Immediately preceding this tale in the manuscript is another by the same author and in the same manner, — *De tribus sociis* (Hauréau, XXXI).

² *Die Exempla des Jacob von Vitry* (München, 1914), pp. 38-41.

1487). In 1496 Steinhöwel was translated into Spanish. Whether the story of the "Three Dreams" is in the Dutch, Italian, and Bohemian versions, I have been unable to ascertain. It must have been in Machault, since it appears in Caxton under the "Fables of Alfonse." "The V fable is of the feythe of the thre felawes. Ofte it happeth that the euyll which is procured to other cometh to hym which procureth it: as it apperyth by the felawes"¹ . . . Goedeke refers to this tale in the Spanish "Ysopo" of Madrid, 1644, fol. 162, which cannot be other than the early Spanish translation of Steinhöwel.²

Hans Sachs tells the story for Jan. 7, 1530, and says it is —

"ein guette abentewr,
Die ist zwar erst geschehen hewr
Dort in dem oberlande."

Two burghers and a peasant are on a pilgrimage to Mecca. They have one evening a single *ayerkuchen*, and the two burghers plan to cheat the peasant (who *fras almal vil*) of his share by the dream device. While he is asleep, as they suppose, they rehearse their "dreams;" in the morning he feigns surprise at finding them still there, and explains why he ate the cake.

Also geschicht noch den listigen knaben,
Die eim ein grueben graben,
Und fallen self darein.
Untrew wird zaler sein.³

The editors note several parallels, but overlook Steinhöwel. It was suggested by A. L. Stiefel⁴ that Sachs's source was not the "Gesta Romanorum" (as Goetze and Drescher said), but Steinhöwel, since this tale is not in the German "Gesta." Stiefel was wrong in the latter statement; but it is clear that Sachs could not have used the "Gesta," because he says the travellers were on their way to Mecca, whereas Mecca is not mentioned in the "Gesta Romanorum" version. The parallels that Stiefel points out between Steinhöwel and Sachs are quite convincing, however; the only important change made by Sachs is the substitution of the *Eierkuchen* for the unbaked loaf. The argument is clinched by the fact (overlooked by Stiefel) that Hans Sachs copied Steinhöwel's moral: "Offt beschicht, das ainer selber in ain gruoben felt, die er ainem andern hat gemachet."

¹ Ed. J. Jacobs, 2 : 266 *et seq.*

² K. Goedeke, *Parallelen II*, in *Orient und Occident*, 3 (1864) : 191-192. Oesterley (*Gesta Romanorum*, pp. 728-729) cites simply, "Ysopo, coll. 5, bl. 152."

³ Goetze und Drescher, *Sämtliche Fabeln und Schwänke von Hans Sachs* (Neudrucke deut. Litt. werke des XVI. u. XVII. Jhds., Nos. 164-169), 3 (1900) : 54-56 (No. 17, "Der ayerkuchen").

⁴ "Neue Beiträge zur Quellenkunde Hans Sachs'scher Fabeln und Schwänke," in *Koch's Studien z. vergl. Lit. gesch.*, 8 (1908) : 278.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century Barthélemi Imbert honored the more usual version with a rendering in irregular metre, entitled "Les deux bourgeois et le villain."¹ Since he follows the "Disciplina" story in the main outline, and since he has used the same title, he presumably drew from the Old French translation printed by Labouderie or from the modern version by LeGrand D'Aussy. He modernized the details, however, and in having the first *bourgeois* taken to hell by two angels, and the second to paradise by two cherubim, he departed from his source. The last stanza will illustrate Imbert's manner.

Le Villageois les entend à merveille;
Mais il feint de dormir. Les deux amis s'en vont
Droit à son lit; on le réveille;
Et lui, comme sortant d'un sommeil très profond,
D'un air tout effrayé: — Qui m'appelle? quoi? qu'est-ce?
— Votre rêve? allons, le tems presse.
— Oh! j'en ai fait un singulier,
Répond le villageois; et j'ose parier
Qu'à coup sûr vous en allez rire.
Lorsque je vous ai vus, par des chemins divers,
Transportés, l'un au ciel, l'autre dans les enfers,
J'ai songé qu'à jamais ange, diable ou diablesse
Vous retiendroient: dans ce malheur nouveau
Je me suis levé vite, et malgré ma tristesse,
Tout bonnement j'ai mangé le gâteau.

And finally, in the nineteenth century, with the title "Der angenehme Traum," our story was taken into the Nasreddin tradition by a German poet writing under the name of Murad Efendi.²

Einmal, 's war auf einer Reise,
Traf der Chodja zwei Genossen,
Einen Popen, einen Rabbi,
Die zur Fahrt sich an ihn schlossen.
Längs des Wegs bemerkt der Chodja
Einer Münze Glanz im Grase,
Winkt dem Popen, doch der Rabbi
Hatte d'rüber schon die Nase,
Seine Hand darauf der Pope.

¹ Barthélemi Imbert, *Choix de Fabliaux, mis en vers* (Genève et Paris, 1788) 1 : 290.

² Nassreddin Chodja, *Ein osmanischer Eulenspiegel*, von Murad Efendi, 2d ed., Oldenburg (preface dated Konstantinopel, 1877), pp. 82-85 (No. 23). For a transcript of this version I am indebted to Professor Taylor, who used a copy very courteously lent him from the John G. White Collection of the Cleveland Public Library. On Nasreddin see the excellent edition by A. Wesselski, Weimar, 1911 (reviewed in *Národopisný Vestník Československoy*, 7-8, Aug.-Sept. 1912; and by R. Basset in *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, 27 [1912]: 540). The collection of Murad Efendi was mentioned by R. Köhler, *Klein. Schriften*, 1 : 481 *et seq.*

The Chodja Nasreddin put an end to the lively dispute of the priest and the rabbi by suggesting that they buy a "honey-cake" with the money at the next inn. But when they came to divide the cake, another quarrel arose.

Heil! War das ein Schelten, Fluchen
Des Beschnitt'nen und Getauften!
Wenn in einer Mordspelunke
Trunkene Matrosen rauchten,
Wär's nicht toller; ja, schon streiften
Ihre Bärte an's Zerzausen.

Again Nasreddin quieted the contestants by proposing to decide the ownership by the dream test. The two then soon fell asleep, but

Nur dem Chodja fiel kein Mohnkern
Auf das Bett von grünen Blättern,
Nein, er nickt erst ein nachdem er
Einiges vorher vollbrachte.

The rabbi dreamed that Abraham led him to a great hall where all the treasures of the world were spread out, and invited him to take whatever he wished. The priest dreamed he was in heaven among the Elect, and saw also the torments of the damned. Nasreddin stroked his beard, and a satisfied smile played about his lips; —

Und er lässt sich also hören:
"Mir auch naht im Traume endlich
Unser — doch ihr seid ja Giaurs — ;
Nun, der sagte mir verständlich:
Jener Jude schwelgt in Schätzen,
Wird des Naschwerks nicht bedürfen,
Und in seinem Himmel seh' ich
Himmelsthau den Pfaffen schlürfen,
Darum, Nassreddin — ich rath es —,
Iss den Kuchen! — Nun, ich that es."

This lively version strongly suggests the story of the Moslem, the Jew, and the Christian, related above. It is chiefly in narrative technic that the two differ. The three persons are the same, and finding of the coin and the purchase of the honey-cake (*halwa*) are identical. The protagonist, however, is not the Jew, but Nasreddin, the Mohammedan, and therefore the "dreams" are re-adjusted to suit the change of emphasis. Whether Murad Efendi's source was the Persian "Mesnewi" or the Arabic "Nozhat el Odaba," I do not know. It is more likely that the story circulates orally among the Mohammedans, perhaps associated with Nasreddin; or it may be that Murad Efendi was the first to adapt it to the tradition of the famous humorist.

The story of the "Three Dreams" is found also in "Almanach pittoresque" (1848, pp. 186-188; 1876, pp. 232-236) and in Charles Simond, "Les vieux fabliaux français" (No. 104 of Nouvelle bib. pop. à 10 c., 1888), pp. 29-30; and in "Marmite," 1894, No. 20

mundo" (Venice, 1616, fol. 331^b; first ed. 1579): three Germans decide to award the gallina to the one who uses the worst Latin.

This same anecdote is translated in "Scelta di facezie cavate da diversi autori," p. 112 (LeGrand d'Aussy, 3d ed., 2 : 395); and a variant is given by Count d'Ouville, "De trois compagnons en vn Cabaret." There were no means for gambling for the one egg, so they agreed to give it to the one who could say the best word from the Bible. One said "Jesus Nazareus;" the second, "Rex Judæorum;" the third, "Consummatum est." — *Contes aux Heures Perdues* (Paris, 1652), 2 : 253-254.

In a version current among the French Canadians, three Gascons have only one egg left, and decide that the one who finds the best Latin for it can eat it. One says, "Est cassatus," and breaks it; the second, "est salatus," and salts it; the third, "Et consummatus est," and swallows it. — C.-M. BARBEAU, JAFL 29 : 135.

Moreover, this variant of the dream story has, through literary sources of course, reached the Slavs. Krek (*l. c.*) mentions a Serbian version in which three monks have only one fish, and agree to give it all to whichever makes the pattest quotation from Scripture. The oldest, raising the fish in the air between two spoons, says, "Lazarus, arise!" The second cuts the fish in two, takes one half, and gives the rest to the others with the words, "They parted my garments" . . . But the third takes the whole fish and begins to eat it. The others protest, but he bids them wait till he has finished. Then he rubs his paunch, and says in a loud voice, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

LOCAL MEETINGS.

THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY OF TEXAS.—The last meeting of the Folk-Lore Society of Texas was held at San Marcos on April 27 and 28. The officers for the year 1917-18 are: *President*, Clyde C. Glasscock; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Adele B. Looscan, W. S. Hendrix; *Secretary*, W. P. Webb, San Antonio; *Treasurer*, Stith Thompson, Austin; *Councillors*, Mrs. Lillie T. Shaver, L. W. Payne, Jr., Miss Dorothy Scarborough. The next meet-
will be held at Houston.

STITH THOMPSON.

MEXICAN BRANCH.—At the instance of Mr. Manuel Gamio, the Branch Society of the American Folk-Lore Society in Mexico is being re-organized. As a result of this re-organization, a number of contributions on Mexican folk-lore have reached the editor. These are to be published in the next Hispanic Number of the Society.

ONTARIO BRANCH.—Through the efforts of Mr. C.-M. Barbeau, a new branch of the American Folk-Lore Society is being organized in Ontario. It is intended that this branch shall devote itself particularly to the collection of the folk-lore of the English-speaking people of that province.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

PRISCILLA ALDEN — A SUGGESTED ANTECEDENT. — The expression "O speak for thyself, John!" has such a familiar ring, that even students of literature, if asked to identify it, are likely to be ready with a reply. Yet, with all its seeming familiarity, this maidenly appeal is not so well known as at first one is likely to think. It is not from the popular poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." It is not the reply of the Puritan maiden, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

"O speak for thyself, John!" is a quotation from an original folk-ballad, composed at an uncertain date, at least two hundred years before Longfellow was born. The first notice we have of the ballad is that given by the celebrated Bishop Percy, the ballad collector. It is recorded that he found it in the house of a neighbor, Humphrey Pitt, of Shiffnal, in Shropshire, England, in a manuscript the leaves of which were being used by a maid for lighting fires. How long before being copied the ballads of this manuscript, which Percy dated 1650, had been circulating orally among the people, one must hesitate to conjecture. It is enough for us to know that the manuscript, containing our ballad "Will Stewart and John," from which comes the quotation, was first published by Bishop Percy and his nephew in 1794.

It is manifestly a Scottish popular ballad, and was so accepted by Professor Child in his complete collection of English and Scottish popular ballads. The poem is built upon a story of romance and love.

Will Stewart is sick for the love of a young maiden whom he has never seen, the Earl of Mar's daughter. His brother John, either from brotherly affection or from love of adventure, makes Will happy by agreeing to conduct his courtship for him. Proceeding to the castle of the Earl of Mar, John presents himself and asks for service. Pleased with the young man's appearance, the earl engages him as his daughter's chamberlain. In this situation, John has little difficulty in going about his particular mission. On the following Sunday, as the family are returning from church, he ventures to the maiden his proposal.

"'O speake for thyself, John Stewart,' she saies,
'A welcome man that thou shalt be.'"

But John Stewart, unlike John Alden, resisted the charming appeal, and kept true to his trust. With such glowing words did he inform her of his brother's riches and honor, his beauty and love, that she concludes, —

"' By my faith then, John Stewart,
I can love him hartily.'"

After overcoming many difficulties, Will Stewart and the young lady elope, incur the violent displeasure of the Earl of Mar, and live in estrangement from him for a twelvemonth. Then a child is born, the parents agree to re-marry for form's sake, in the presence of the earl, and a complete reconciliation is effected, —

and these are considered as the ancestors of the family bearing the name. This name is often archaic. Thus the surname Bu-luh-beh is explained as follows: *Bu-luh* is said to be an ancient name for the citron, which is now known as *sa-lu*.¹ The common way of asking a person what his surname is, is to inquire, 'What is it you do not touch?' and a person of the surname just mentioned would reply, 'We do not touch the *sa-lu*, or citron.' People cannot eat or touch in any way the plant or animal, or both, which enters into their surname. The plant or animal is not, however, worshipped in any way." The Lolo are a widely extended group of tribes, and those studied by Henry are those of Se-mao and Meng-tse in Yün-nan.

The term "totemism" with reference to the Lolo was then actually employed by Bonifacy,² who believed that certain animal legends, traces of exogamy, and certain taboos, might be considered as survivals of a very ancient totemic organization, but that the proofs are lacking. In my opinion, the data offered by the author reveal no survivals allowing of any conclusion as to former totemism. If, for instance, the newly-weds among the Lolo are not allowed to cut bamboo or to eat the young bamboo-sprouts, this is easily explained from the legend of the first couple who performed their marriage under a bamboo that made speech to them. Bonifacy's material on the Lolo, especially as to social and religious life, belongs to the best we have.

In the "Notes ethnographiques sur les tribus de Kouy-tcheou" (Kuei-chou), by A. Schotter,³ which must be taken with great reserve, we meet a heading "Totémisme chez les He-miao" (Hei Miao), but the notes appearing under this catch-word are disappointing. The author learned that a certain family of the tribe, Pan, abstains from beef, and received as explanation thereof the following story. One of the ancestors of the Pan was much taken by the charms of a young girl of the family Tien of the same tribe, whose hand was refused him nine times. Finally the condition was imposed on him that he should sacrifice an ox, but not partake of its flesh. The Pan family went beyond this request, and all its descendants avoid the meat of any sacrificed ox. Another piece of evidence: the Tien do not eat dog-flesh. A young mother died, leaving a small girl about to die for lack of milk. She was suckled by a bitch, and, out of gratitude to her nurse, never touched canine flesh, cursing those of her descendants who would not imitate her example. It is obvious that these two cases are simple taboos, the legends being invented in order to explain

¹ This word is related to Nyi Lolo *ŕ'u-se-ma* and Tibetan *ts'a-lum-pa* (see T'oung Pao, 17 [1916] : 45).

² Bull. de l'Ecole française, 8 (1908) : 550.

³ Anthropos, 6 (1911) : 321.

(Garlic) K'iang, the Pai-ma (White Horse) K'iang, and the Huang-niu (Yellow Ox) K'iang, — adding that each of these tribes has its chiefs, and that among the last-named the women give birth to a child after six months.¹ The same author speaks of another group of tribes, called "Ti," the descendants of the Si Jung, and related to the K'iang in language and customs. Some divisions of this people were termed by the Chinese "Green and White Ti," from the color of their costume; but another clan styled itself "Ti Jan," the latter word designating a reptile under which it was classed.²

From a passage in the Annals of the Sui Dynasty,³ we note that a clan of the K'iang, scattered in the country Fu (2000 *li* northwest of Se-ch'uan), was named "Pai Kou" (White Dog).

In the age of the Sui dynasty (A.D. 590–617) a tribal group of the K'iang became known to the Chinese under the name "Tang-hiang," the element Tang appearing as Tangud or Tangut (*-ud* being a Mongol termination of the plural), the Turkish and Mongol designation of the Tibetans. To the Tang-hiang belonged the Tang-ch'ang and Pai-lang (White Wolves), who conferred on themselves the name "Monkey Tribe" (Mi-hou Chung).⁴ In fact, the monkey belonged to the sacred animals of the ancient Tibetans, and was sacrificed with sheep and dogs once a year, when the officers assembled for the ceremony of the minor oath of fealty.⁵ In their own traditions the Tibetans have preserved at great length the story of how they descended from the alliance of a monkey with a female giant (Rākshasī).⁶ But there is no evidence that the monkey ever was the totem of a Tibetan clan, or that a Tibetan clan named itself for the monkey; the latter, however, as shown by the Chinese account of the Tang-hiang, may have been the case in ancient times.

In regard to the Chinese, the existence of totemism is denied by some authors, while others are inclined to uphold it.⁷ Neither the one nor the other can be asserted in our present state of knowledge. We must not forget, of course, that Confucius, who made the Chinese what a more probable, however, that *ts'ung-ts'e* relates solely to a single species, presumably to a wild *Allium*.

¹ Chavannes, *T'oung Pao*, 6 (1905) : 528.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 521–522.

³ *Sui shu*, Ch. 83, p. 8 b.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 2 b.

⁵ *Kiu T'ang shu*, Ch. 196 A, p. 1.

⁶ See, for instance, Rockhill, *Land of the Lamas*, pp. 355–361. For a complete bibliography of the subject, see Laufer (*T'oung Pao*, 2 [1901] : 27–28).

⁷ A. Conrady, "China" (in Pflugk-Harttung's *Weltgeschichte*, p. 491). The evidence merely rests on the interpretation of names. Conrady's popular history of China is modelled on Lamprechtian ideas of evolution, which are interpreted, and partially in a very forced way, into the given material. This method is not to be taken seriously; the critical anthropologist will understand without comment.

French writer aptly styled *affreusement bourgeois*, has spoiled China completely for the ethnologist. Certainly the Chinese never were those angels of virtue that we are prone to make them out in reading the tenets of their moral creed. Morals look well on paper always and everywhere. There was a prehistoric age when also the Chinese, like their congeners the T'ai, Miao, and Tibetans, did not pose as the champions of morality, but behaved like real and natural men. This has been very clearly shown in a most interesting study by M. Granet.¹ While no positive data are as yet available, from which conclusions as to a former totemic organization could be drawn, there are some indications which may be suggestive. Unfortunately the development of social organization in China has never been investigated by modern scientific methods.

The number of family names derived from words designating plants and animals is comparatively large. Following is an alphabetical list of the more common ones: —

FAMILY NAMES BASED ON PLANTS.

CH'I, white jasmine (<i>Jasminum sambac</i>).	LIAO, <i>Polygonum</i> .
CHU, bamboo.	LIU, willow (<i>Salix babylonica</i>).
CH'U, hay, straw.	LU, a reed (<i>Phragmites</i>).
HING, apricot.	MA, hemp.
HU, gourd, calabash.	MAI, wheat.
HUA, flower.	MANG, a grass (<i>Erianthus japonicus</i>).
HUAI, <i>Sophora japonica</i> .	MAO, reeds, rush.
HUAN, <i>Sapindus mukorossi</i> .	MEI, plum (<i>Prunus mume</i>).
JANG, stalk of grain.	MI, hulled rice.
JUI, small budding plants.	MOU, barley.
JUNG-KÜAN, family of the <i>Hibiscus</i> .	MU, tree.
KI, thistles.	NGAI, <i>Artemisia vulgaris</i> .
KI, several species of <i>Rhamnus</i> and <i>Zizyphus</i> .	PO, thickly growing vegetation.
KEN, root.	PO, arbor-vitæ (<i>Thuja orientalis</i>).
KU, cereals.	SANG, mulberry-tree.
KUA-T' IEN, gourd-field.	SING, a marshy plant.
K'UAI, a rush (<i>Scirpus cyperinus</i>).	SU, grain.
KUEI, cinnamon-tree (<i>Cinnamomum cassia</i>).	T'AN, <i>Dalbergia hupeana</i> .
K'UEI, <i>Amarantus</i> .	T'ANG, <i>Pyrus</i> .
KÜ, chrysanthemum.	T'AO, peach.
KUO, fruit.	T'AO, rice.
LAI, goosefoot (<i>Chenopodium album</i>).	TI, <i>Prunus japonica</i> .
LI, plum (<i>Prunus triflora</i>).	TOU, beans.
LI, lichee (<i>Nephelium litchi</i>).	TSAO, various aquatic plants.
LI, chestnut (<i>Castanea vulgaris</i>).	TSAO, jujube (<i>Zizyphus vulgaris</i>).
	TSE, <i>Cudrania triloba</i> .
	TSI, panicked millet.

¹ "Coutumes matrimoniales de la Chine antique" (T'oung Pao, 13 [1912]: 517-558).

Ts'UNG, a conifer.	WEI, grass.
T'UNG, <i>Paulownia imperialis</i> .	YANG, poplar.
Ts'E, calthrop (<i>Tribulus terrestris</i>).	YÜ, elm (<i>Ulmus campestris</i>).

FAMILY NAMES BASED ON ANIMALS.

CHI, leech.	NGO, moth.
CHI, ringed pheasant.	NIU, ox.
CH'I, worm.	PAI-MA, white horse.
CHUI, piebald horse.	PAO, dried fish.
CH'UNG, general term for reptiles and insects.	PAO, panther.
FANG, bream.	PAO-P'I, panther's skin.
FU, wild duck.	PEI, cowrie-shell.
FUNG, male phoenix.	PIAO, tiger-cat; stripes of a tiger.
HIAO, owl.	PIE, fresh-water turtle (<i>Trionyx sinensis</i>).
HIUNG, bear.	SE, team of four horses.
HO, crane.	SHE, serpent.
HU, fox.	SIA, chrysalis of a mantis.
HU, tiger.	TIAO, sable.
HUI, venomous snake.	Ts'ING-NIU, dark ox.
JAN, boa.	Ts'ING-WU, dark raven.
KI, fowl, chicken.	TSOU, small fishes, minnows.
K'I, piebald horse.	TSOU, a fabulous beast.
K'IN, birds in general.	TsÜ, fish-hawk, osprey.
KOU, dog.	Ts'UI, bird-down.
KU, heron.	Ts'UI, kingfisher.
KÜ, colt of a horse.	T'UN, sucking-pig.
LANG, wolf.	WU, raven.
LIN, fish-scales.	YANG, sheep.
LO, white horse with black mane.	YANG-SHE, sheep-tongue.
LU, stag.	YEN, swallow.
LUNG, dragon.	YEN, wild goose.
MA, horse.	YU, polecat.
MONG, tree-frog.	YÜ, fish.

It should be understood, of course, that it is by no means implied that the foregoing names had a totemic origin. This remains to be investigated by tracing in detail the history of these families bearing such names. In some cases it is certain that such names are not connected with a totem, but have a quite different origin. For instance, a man in the sixth century B.C. bore the family name Chuan, a word designating a large fish found in the Tung-t'ing lake. He killed Wang Liao, prince of Wu, with a poisoned dagger which was concealed in the belly of this fish served to him at dinner. This story plainly accounts for the origin of the family name. The list of these plant and animal family names, however, is interesting in itself, and, it is hoped, may prove a stimulus to serious investigation.

something good to eat." She sat down on the pretended baby. The people asked to see her baby; but she said, "It cries when anybody looks at it." The people gave her her husband's fat to eat. She said it had a bad taste, and they told her it was perhaps a little old. She began to eat again. Some of the people went behind her, and tied the ends of her hair to the neighboring willow-bushes while the others spoke to her and entertained her. When all was ready, they began to laugh at her, and said to her, "That was your husband's fat you ate." She got angry and opened the sack she carried, in which were stones for throwing at the people. The people attacked and killed her. When they opened the bundle to look at the baby, they found only the bones of the boy she and her husband had eaten.

9. BLADDER-HEAD BOY; OR, THE MONSTER THAT ATE PEOPLE.

A man with his wife and baby were travelling all the time, and netting beaver on the lakes and streams. They came to a big lake, which they crossed, and camped on the other side. One day the woman was dragging to camp a skin toboggan with beaver-meat, carrying her baby on her back. She noticed some large animal approaching, and, being afraid to turn around, looked back between her legs. She saw that the animal was an *a.tix'*,¹ and became very much afraid. She scattered all the meat in the snow and ran to camp. Her husband would not believe that she had seen this animal, and told her she was simply excusing herself for having given the meat to her sweetheart. She pulled up her clothes, and said, "You can see I have been with no man." He laughed, and went off to set his beaver-nets. On his return, he went to bed, and was soon sound asleep and snoring. The woman cut a trail to escape through the willow-brush near camp. She then lay down on the opposite side of the fire from her husband, with her moccasins on and her baby in her arms, ready to run. During the night she heard the animal coming, and poked her husband with a stick to awaken him; but he slept on. She then ran away, and the animal came into camp and ate her husband. Afterwards the animal followed the woman's tracks, making sounds like a person crying.

The woman reached a place on the lake where many people were camped, and warned them. The people made many holes close to-

¹ A very large kind of animal which roamed the country a long time ago. It corresponded somewhat to white men's pictures of elephants. It was of huge size, in build like an elephant, had tusks, and was hairy. These animals were seen not so very long ago, it is said, generally singly; but none have been seen now for several generations. Indians come across their bones occasionally. The narrator said that he and some others, a few years ago, came on a shoulder-blade which they at first thought was a peculiarly shaped rock, sticking out of the ground. This was on the top of a mountain near the Hyland River. The shoulder-blade was as wide as a table (about three feet), and was covered with about seven inches of moss.

were smoked, one commonly, mixed with tobacco, the other by those practising witchcraft. The former was called *kacū'* or *bacukta'*; the latter, *kiteka'ñk cuc*. The bark of this last is rougher than that of the other.

There are a few plants, besides, for which I have only the native names and the uses. Such were the *nā'xte po* ("striking medicine or plant"), used when one had been struck by lightning; *wa'p'tin po* ("knife medicine"), used to cure knife-wounds; *tuskū'n katsī' po*, used when one ran a nail into his foot; *kā'na po* ("eye medicine"); *mo'xmoxman*, a bitter herb, like quinine in taste, and good for fevers, such as malaria; *pō'xkō'ñk*, used as an emetic; *cump*, formerly employed in yellow-fever. Still another medicine was called *tcō'takopu'*, which seems to contain the word *tcō'ta* ("crawfish"). It has a red flower, and a root like that of an onion. Plants that will counteract the poison of snakes are said to be identified by following a king snake after it has had an encounter with a venomous serpent. It is claimed that it will go to a particular plant after having been stung by a copper-head, another after having been stung by a water-moccasin, and so for the other poisonous serpents, including the several varieties of rattlesnake. My informant claimed that both ash and cane were poisonous to a rattlesnake, and that if cane were run through any part of a rattlesnake's body, it seemed to paralyze the whole.

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saying, "Good-by, Poltci'tc!" — "I'm not Poltci'tc!" shouted the man in the bag. "Yes, you are!" Splash! Poltci'tc, driving his cattle home, met the king on his way to the scene. "Well, well! where did you get those beautiful cattle? I thought you were drowned," said the king. "Yes," said Poltci'tc, "I was thrown over, but not quite near enough to the falls; for where I fell, I found these cattle in the bottom of the river, but just a little farther there were twice as many and twice as handsome. The next time be sure to have me thrown nearer the edge of the falls. I wish I could go back and get them now," added Poltci'tc. "Oh, no!" said the king, "let me go! Those are the best animals I have ever seen." Then he ordered himself to be bagged and thrown in on the brink of the falls, and they carried out his order.¹

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¹ C.-M. Barbeau, "Contes populaires Canadiens" (JAFL 29 : 101); A. M. Espinosa, "Comparative Notes on New-Mexican and Mexican Spanish Folk-Tales" (JAFL 27 : 221); Bolte u. Polivka, 2 : 1.

the people of Ha'wik'uh. He told them the children they left behind were now the richest in town.

When the people returned, they found that the corn and other food plants had ripened. So they felt happy, and were thankful for the service the children had done them. Desirous of rewarding the boy, it was decided he should be a priest of the Bow. Thence it is that we [that is, the A'shiwi, which is the own tribal name of the Zuñi, meaning "the flesh"] always depend on the priests, and plant every year for them. Therefore let us be deferential to the priests.

Thus shortens my story.

H. F. C. TEN KATE.

ASHIYA, NEAR KOBE, JAPAN.

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